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NOVEMBER 7, 1975

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. asks:
SHOULD WE ALL
WANT TO HELP NEW YORK?
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Coalition in Italy?
CLARE BOOTHE LUCE VS ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

THE STRUGGLE FOR DETENTE IN AFRICA
ELSPETH HUXLEY

WERE THE INTELLECTUALS REALLY DUPED?
GEORGE WATSON

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'Nostalgia and Strategy' by James Burnham, on Spain today and then ♦ Hugh Kenner, Ruth Berenson, Stephen J. Tonsor, George F. Will, W. H. von Dreele.

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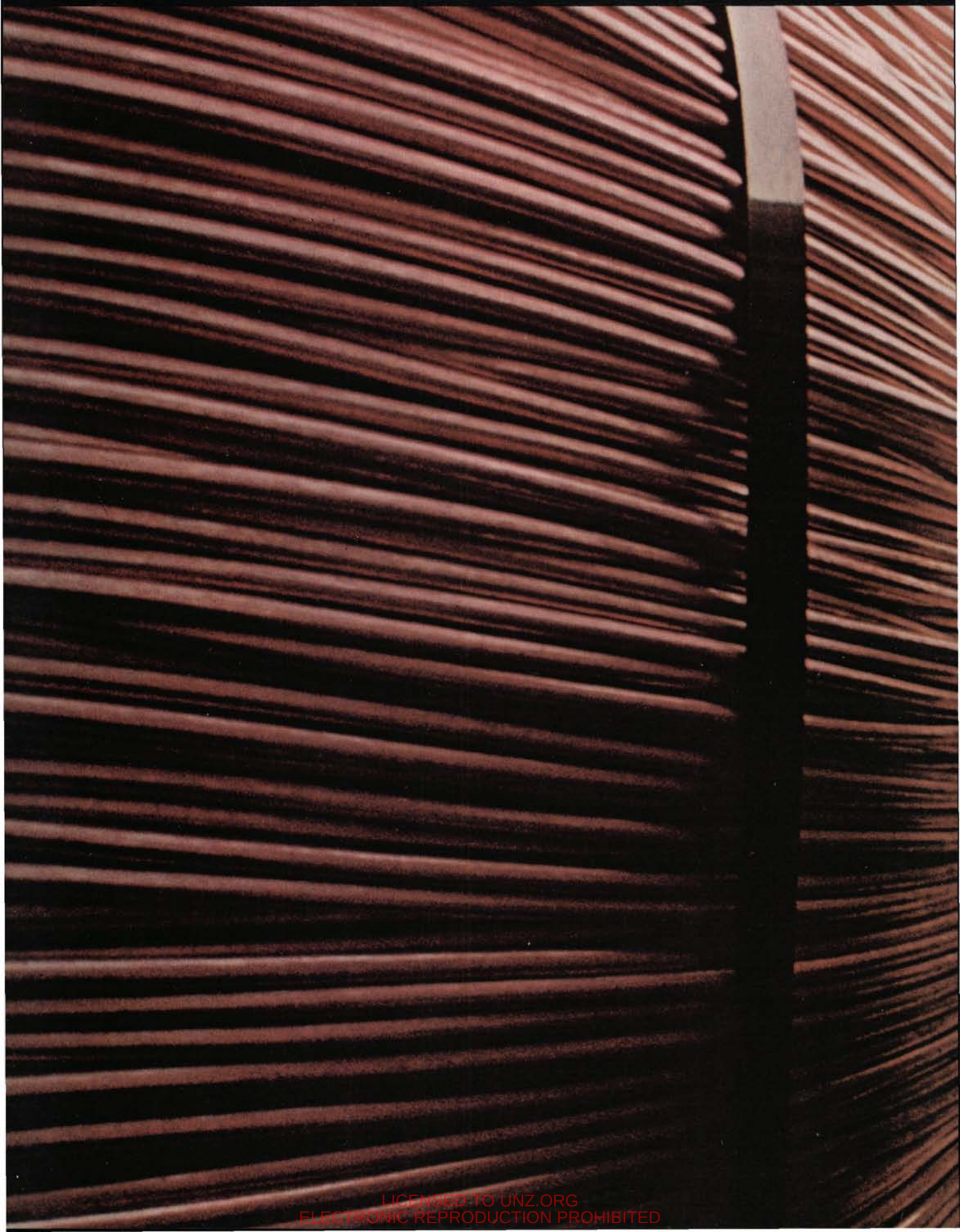

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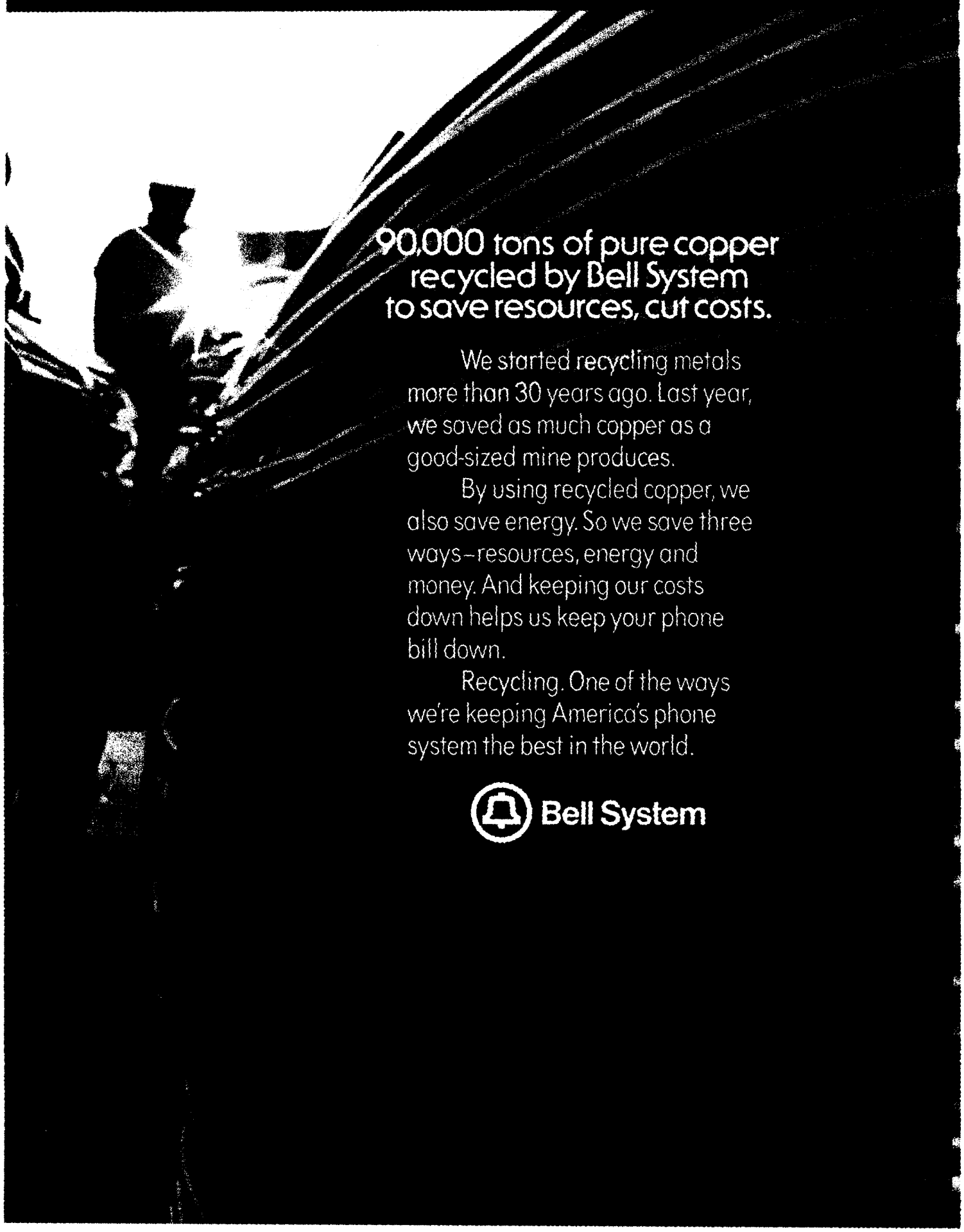

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World War II was presented to the American people as a holy war. Unconditional surrender was said to be necessary for lasting peace. Eisenhower wrote of a "crusade" in Europe.

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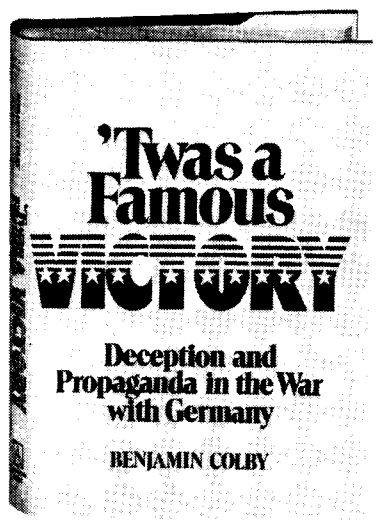
The other necessity was met more easily; even before 1939 Hitler's regime had become odious. But U.S. government propaganda used the German people for its target, not just the Nazi regime, and thus justified Allied atrocities like the mass bombing of civilians. Colby presents shocking evidence that the Allies initiated the bombing of civilians as strategic policy; worse, that Churchill purposely goaded Hitler into bombing London American cities remained intact throughout the war, says Colby, "but whether the people themselves escaped psychologically unscathed is a disturbing question. Wrapped in the belief of its own righteousness and the myth that Germany started the bombing of cities, America has appeared to have few qualms about the wholesale air war conducted against German civilian populations."

Mr. Colby unfolds the propaganda prelude to war . . . the secret war in the Atlantic . . . the great Atlantic Charter deception . . . the tight lid on Russian war aims . . . the coverups of Soviet atrocities . . . the secrecy surrounding Teheran . . . the lies about Yalta. He reveals the role of Hollywood and the Writers War Board in creating hatred of Germans and enthusiasm for our alliance with Communists.

The deceptions began, the author shows, when the American people were told that their survival—or at least England's—depended on U.S. entry into the war. He marshals impressive evidence, however, that "whatever Hitler's ambitions, conquering Britain was not one of them, much less attacking the United States. That the nation could be brought to war by belief in such an imaginary peril is testimony of the war-making powers of the President, who can not only create propaganda for war but, more important, create situations which make war inevitable."



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According to a widely credited myth, the literary Communism of the Thirties resulted from a fusion of idealism with honest ignorance of Stalin's horrors: a delusion of the intellectuals, fashionable and in many respects admirable, no hard feelings. But as it happens, there is—in print—much evidence to the contrary. Whatever facts were available to them, the Left intelligentsia not only defended bloodshed: they demanded it. Here are the words of Spender, Gide, Brecht, Middleton Murry, Day Lewis, MacNeice, Auden, the Webbs: men who looked at Communists and felt small.
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Letters

Winding Up the War

George H. Nash's "Dissolution of the Paris Peace Accords" [Oct. 24] is exactly the kind of hard, factual analysis of the end of the Vietnam War that we have needed. History so easily gets shuffled around; what we once knew becomes blurred into what we have been told since, and the ideologues have it all their own way. If we were given to comfortable simplification, it would be far easier to argue the case. We could counter the Left's slogan ("Thieu's corrupt government brought about its own downfall by provoking the Communists and losing its own people's support") with our own ("the South Vietnamese democracy lost by obeying all the rules while the Communists broke them"). The truth, as Mr. Nash convincingly demonstrates, is more complex than either of those propositions. But, if the Saigon government was not as saintly as we would like to believe, Hanoi was very nearly as black as we have pictured it.

New Haven, Conn. FREDERICK ELLIOTT

Contrary to the implication of Mr. Richard Batterson's letter [Sept. 26], I did not in my June 20 article ["The Great Strategic Error"] blame Congress (or anyone else) for the Vietnam disaster. I proposed that we put aside the question "Who lost Indochina?" and try to understand where our perception of the problem was wrong. I do not mean that there was no blame or that it is impossible to assign blame in some cases, but I do believe that we must first understand *what* went wrong before we say *who* went wrong.

I think the deafening national silence on the subject—while perhaps understandable—portends ill for the future. No doubt we are bruised, but, as psychology tells us, emotional and spiritual wounds need air to heal. As a nation, we have too much at stake to indulge in divisive recriminations; a serious study of what (not who) went wrong is needed.

The lessons of this complex affair are not simple, although there are those who do not hesitate to draw simplistic, sophistic morals from it. The phrase "No more Vietnams" is used as an all-purpose club to discredit whatever the speaker doesn't like. A naval station in Diego Garcia? "No more Vietnams." American civilians in the Sinai? "No more Vietnams." Amnesty? Turkey? CIA? Defense appropriations? The answer drones on monotonously—"No more Vietnams," numbing the mind—a slogan which is used to prove everything and as a result proves nothing.

But by the same token, to imply that the ultimate culprits are the Kennedys, Johnsons, Nixons, and Kissingers who acquiesced in the spread of technology to the Soviet bloc is to swing a cudgel too broad for the purpose. In American judicial practice it is a sound principle to settle each case on the narrowest logical basis that will cover the issue, thereby causing the minimum disturbance to the surrounding fabric of society. The same is true in medical surgery. The Vietnam disaster is a sore on the body politic and needs to be explained in order to be excised, but it needs a scalpel-sized explanation, not a bludgeon which can be used by those who would destroy our national confidence and purpose.

Sydney, Australia NORMAN B. HANNAH
U.S. Consul General

Frei on Allende

Robert Moss ["The Tribulation of Chile," Oct. 10] makes a good start in explaining why post-Allende Chile has gotten such a bad world press. Another insight into this was revealed in a letter from Chile's former Christian Democratic President Eduardo Frei (Allende's predecessor) to Mariano Rumor, head of the Italian Christian Democratic Party, in *Est & Ouest*, a responsible anti-Communist magazine published in Paris. Frei wrote: "Why have events in Chile caused an impact so out of proportion to the importance of the country? Why has the Soviet Union's reaction been so violent and extreme? . . . The reason is clear. Its [the Allende regime's] fall represented a blow to international Communism. The combination of Cuba and Chile, with the latter's 3,000 miles of Pacific coastline . . . was a decisive step toward control of this hemisphere. . . .

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Chile served them [the Communists] as an operational base for the whole continent. But not only that. This enormous [anti-junta] propaganda campaign serves to mask a basic fact: the failure of a policy which had been presented to the world as a model."

Paris, France FRANÇOIS PERRIER

Pulling the Trigger

In his letter ["Notes & Asides," Oct. 10] C. Parkinson states that "detente's primary meaning in French is 'the trigger of a gun.'"

James E. Boielle's *French and English Dictionary*, Cassell and Company, Limited, MCMVII, defines "*détente* n.f. unbending, relaxing; trigger (of a gun); (horl.) detent, stop," in that order. So, according to at least one dictionary, detente's primary meaning is not "the trigger of a gun," as Mr. Parkinson states; it is the secondary meaning. The *Random House Dictionary*, recommended by NATIONAL REVIEW, defines detente as "a relaxing, esp. of international tensions," and makes no mention of a "trigger of a gun."

So, Parkinson's unnamed authority states the primary meaning of detente to be "the trigger of a gun." Boielle's French dictionary says its primary meaning is "unbending, relaxing."

Particularly in view of the Random House definition, I'll go along with Boielle.

Oakland, Calif. ROBERT BLAKE

1. Mr. Parkinson's "unnamed authority" was probably the Petit Larousse *(the most authoritative French dictionary—except, of course, for the* Grand Larousse*). It gives, as the primary definition of* détente, "Pièce du mécanisme d'une arme à feu qui, en agissant sur la gachette, permet de faire partir le coup." *2. The* NR *reviewer who recommended the* Random House Dictionary, *Frank Meyer, recommended it for its English, not its French. (He was not a French speaker.)* —LB

In the Desert

Thrice during the last 27 years (1957, 1967, 1973) the U.S. Government, rightly or wrongly deeming it in the national interest, has intervened in the Middle East conflict to save the Arabs' bacon (or, if you prefer, lamb) by compelling Israel to relinquish territorial and military advantages dearly bought on the battlefield in wars caused by her aggressive neighbors.

The latest Kissinger-Ford go-round is simply the natural grandson of Dulles-Eisenhower arm-twisting. For NATIONAL REVIEW, therefore, to carp about U.S. compensation to Israel for returning the Abu Rudeis oil fields to a still technically belligerent Egypt ["Sinai Sand Trap?" Sept. 12], well in advance of a final peace settlement intended to accommodate U.S. purposes in that region, is for *NR* to invoke the same sort of asymmetrical morality the Vietnam peaceniks did when condemning Saigon for having the temerity

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The three undaunted figures, advancing through the smoke of a Revolutionary battle to turn a retreat into victory, still thrill 150,000 visitors to Abbott Hall, Marblehead, Massachusetts each year. Here the painting now hangs and here Prescott Baston, nationally known sculptor who lives in Marblehead, has admired it since boyhood.

Now Baston has captured all the fire and fervor of Willard's historic masterpiece and added a new dimension. His sculpture, faithful to the original, elicits the same patriotic sensations.

The spirited drummer boy, the wounded, middle-aged fifer and the indomitable old man—each is accurately recreated every meticulous detail of their clothing historically authentic. More importantly, Baston has recreated the spirit, the character, the resoluteness of Willard's invincible trio.

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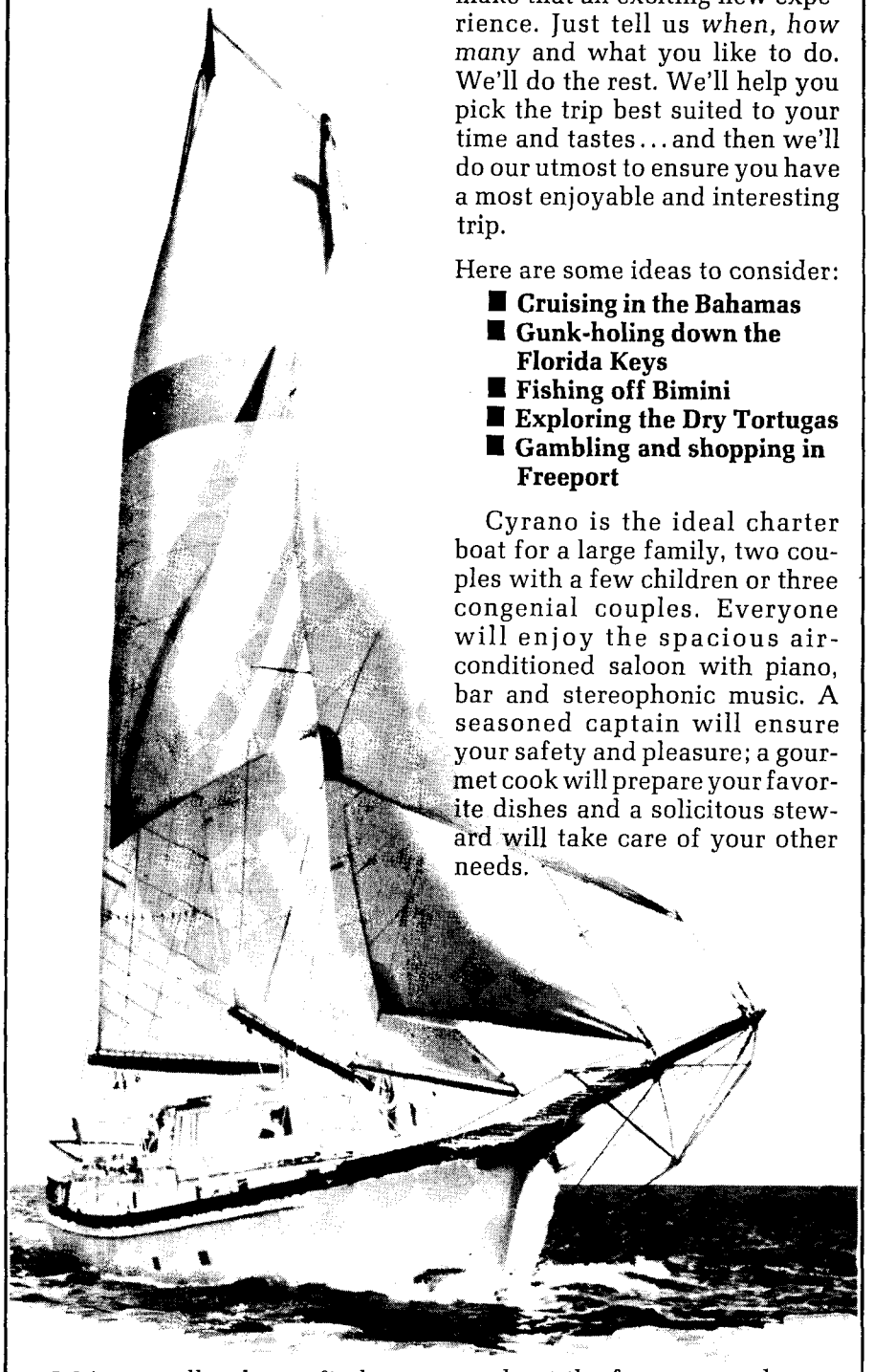

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to use force in order to defend itself against force.

New York, N.Y. ROBERT LEIBOWITZ

"Capital Issues" [Sept. 26] puzzles me. I think Mr. Will is remiss.

What bothers me is what is left out of this (typical) "pundit's analysis" of this current Mideast settlement. Like why Joe Citizen, already taxed to the breaking point, must pick up a million-dollar-a-day tab for Israel's relinquishment of the Abu Rudeis oil fields. Or why another $2.5 billion in "military and economic" assistance must be ponied up to the ranking military power (Israel) of the Mideast (particularly when our military people almost have to grovel for our own annual defense appropriations). Not to mention another million tons of grain to Egypt on "easy payments." Or the implantation of American "technicians" in the middle of the proposed No Man's Land. And of course there is no mention of the forty-odd "secret" facets of this accord, arbitrarily deemed none of our business by the genius of our State Department. Unfortunately, around this time next year Mr. Will, in chorus with Sevareid, Reston, and the rest of the media's learned analysts, will be publishing their identical paeans of praise of Henry's brilliance in bequeathing our Panama Canal to some leftist junta.

College Point, N.Y. HERBERT R. BROWN

The Real von Dreele

Dear Mr. W. H. von Dreele,
Who in the world are you, really?
In my perusal of NATIONAL REVIEW
Much would be missing without you.

Beaumont, Tex. MRS. NERNIE C. SIGEL

Thank you, Mrs. Nernie Sigel—
Which, I gather, rhymes with "eagle"—
For your comments on my verses.
(Lots of times they write me curses.)
FYI, my surname really
Doesn't get pronounced "von Dreelee";
Von Dreele rimes with "peel" or "heel," so
Thanks for saying I appeal so!

New York, N.Y. WM. H. VON DREELE

Not on Nader's Team

Your editorial "Fooling the Consumer" [Sept. 12] analyzes the malaise of the Consumers Union but neglects to remind your readers that there *is* a reliable source of product information available to consumers, i.e., *Consumers' Research Magazine* of Washington, N.J., which has absolutely no connection with CU.

CR is the pioneer independent consumer research magazine, having continuously tested, evaluated, and reported on products by brand name since it was founded in 1927 by F. J. Schlink. Its circulation has more than doubled during the past year and a half.

Although tough on the manufacturers

(Continues on page 1210)

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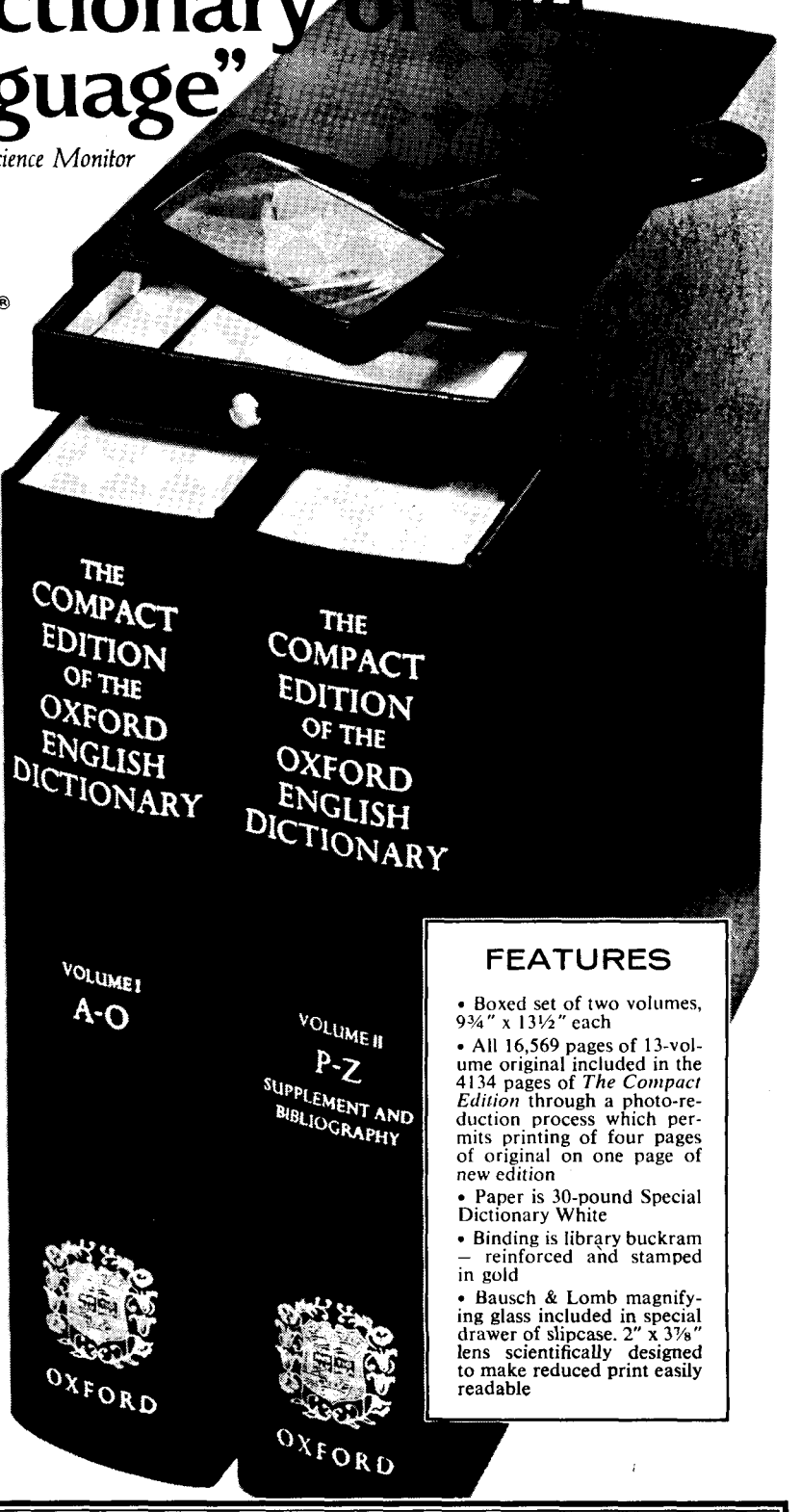
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(Continued from page 1208)

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Washington, N.J. R. I. MATTHEWS
Vice President
Consumers' Research

Unnatural History

As one member of the American Museum of Natural History who has watched with dismay the continuous deterioration of that once-great institution *and* its magazine into a left-liberal, ideologically constipated mess, I could thoroughly applaud every word D. Keith Mano wrote in his column "Unnatural History" [August 1].

Although I am very critical—as a naturalist—of the widespread lack of interest of conservatives generally, and NATIONAL REVIEW specifically, in the welfare of wildlife and the preservation of sufficient untouched "breathing space" for man, I detest the left-liberal attempts to cash in on that very real and very distressing conservative callousness. As Mr. Mano understands, certain natural history concepts today are ideological and political tools and weapons—or at least are so used or abused by the liberal-totalitarian opinion-makers. The reasons for this are at least as important to the survival of Western culture as sufficient military might.

New Paltz, N.Y. HILDA SIMON

Thank you for D. Keith Mano's "Unnatural History." *Natural History* and *Smithsonian* are devoured monthly by my two sons, one of whom verifies the accuracy of Mr. Mano's examples and conclusions.

I, like Barbara Keating ["A Conservative Mother's Blues," August 15], am struggling to neutralize (at least) the things that my five children are learning that are not so, and the "help" of *Natural History* is the last thing I need. But how is a poor mother to know? (That is, without NATIONAL REVIEW?)

It will be pleasant to terminate our subscription to *Natural History*, and to let them know why.

Columbus, Ohio AUDREY KAPETANSKY

Accustomed as I am to seeing scientific creationism smeared in the media, only the high regard in which I hold Keith Mano prompts me to write. He stated, in his column on *Natural History*, that "there's not much to be said, in a purely scientific context, for the Christian creationist view of evolution." It is the position of the Institute for Creation Research that an evolutionary explanation for the history of the universe and of life

(Continues on page 1213)

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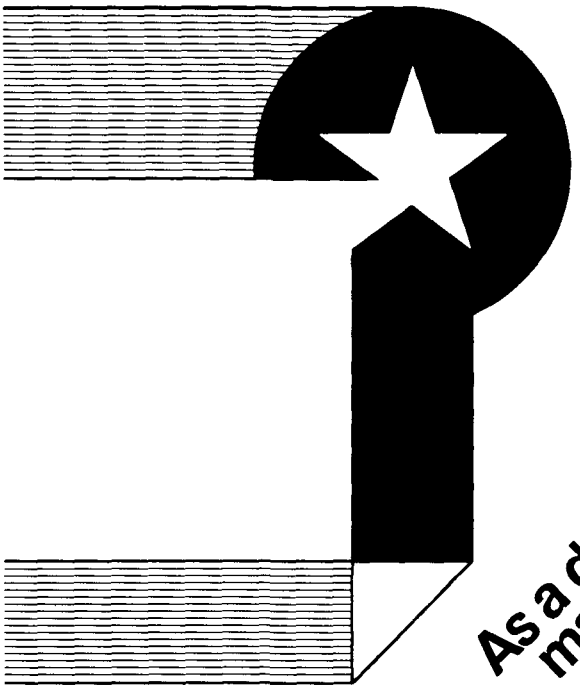

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requires more blind faith than the creationist explanation. We are a group of scientists who are showing how the facts of science usually follow logically from the doctrine of creation, and do not need the secondary explanations of evolutionists. Also involved in this effort are the members of the Creation Research Society, composed of over 500 individuals with advanced degrees in science or medicine.

San Diego, Calif. LANE P. LESTER
Research Associate in Bioscience
Institute for Creation Research

Ford, Then and Now

Re "The Panama Question: An Alternative to U.S. Defeatism" [by Robert S. Strother and James P. Lucier, Sept. 12]: On July 7, 1967, Gerald Ford, then House Minority Leader, declared the terms of the Johnson Administration's new Panama Canal defense treaty "shocking" and said that they would "weaken U.S. control." Ford also expressed concern about a Communist threat to the canal under lessened American authority.

Minority Leader Ford continued his scathing denunciation of President Johnson's proposed treaties by saying, "With Cuba under control of the Soviet Union via Castro, a Communist threat to the canal is a real danger." Referring to a specific section of the defense treaty that provided for United States-Panama consultation before the United States could move into certain sections of the Canal Zone for defense purposes, Ford said: "Any action on our part to meet a threat involving the national security of the United States should not be hamstrung by the need for time-consuming consultation with a government that might be reluctant to cooperate in the defense, or possibly be in opposition to our best interests."

Eight years have elapsed since Ford, a Republican, denounced treaties negotiated by Johnson, a Democrat. Now, as President, Ford is negotiating new treaties with Panama, containing surrender terms far more detrimental to the vital interests of the United States than those which were contained in the Johnson-negotiated treaties.

Silver Spring, Md. PAUL CHIERA

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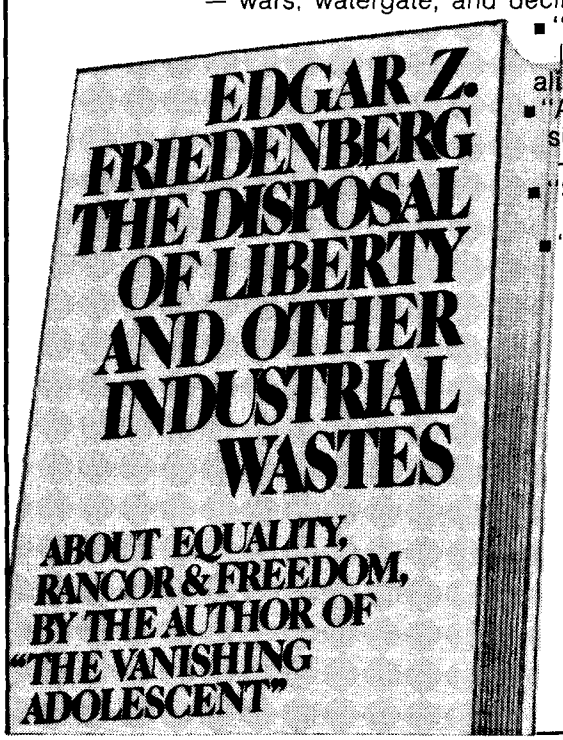
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DOUBLEDAY

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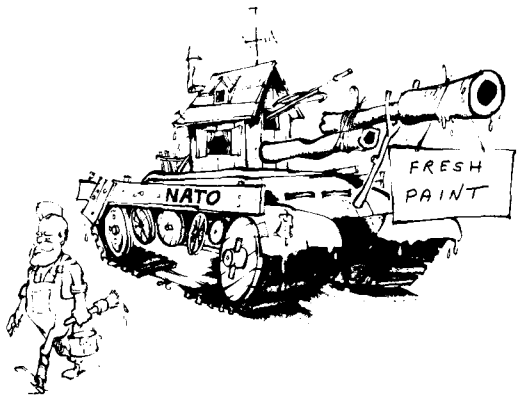
FOR THE RECORD

■ **Gerald Ford** has his political problems, but they are nothing, say many political analysts, to **Nelson Rockefeller**'s. **Kevin Phillips** adds it up: Rocky has against him a) the hostility of the **Goldwater** Right, b) New York City's fiscal disasters, c) "the **Kissinger** connection." The odds, says Phillips, are against any place for Rocky (or Ford?) on the 1976 GOP ticket. Interestingly enough, as Kissinger's popularity plummets in Washington (he's disliked, it is said, by **Don Rumsfeld** in the White House, by present and past Defense Secretaries **James Schlesinger** and **Melvin Laird**—over detente—and by much of Congress), his popularity mounts nationally. The latest **Harris** shows him up to 61 per cent approval in late September from 48 per cent in May. . . . **Ronald Reagan** made big splash at Conservative Party dinner in New York, October 20, has lined up conservative pro, Congressman **Philip Crane**, to head his Illinois campaign. . . . On the Democratic side, **George Wallace** campaign aide **Mickey Griffin** says Wallace intends to skip New Hampshire and make his first primary bid in Massachusetts (busing), hit Florida next, and then "file a full slate of delegates in every primary after that." . . . **Henry Jackson**—the only other Democrat with well-filled coffers—hopes to hold off until the New York primary, April 6 (the Jewish vote). . . . A CBS poll of Democratic National Committeemen shows that while only 30 per cent still yearn for Hubert, 60 per cent expect **Humphrey** to get it. (Most gave mint-new presidential candidate **Birch** the **Bayh**.)

■ Other '76 races: In Connecticut it could be a reprise, a **Weicker** *v.* a **Dodd**: Congressman Christopher Dodd (D.) is showing some interest in running against Lowell Weicker, who ousted his father, **Tom Dodd**, in a three-way race in 1970. . . . **Evans & Novak**, noting Rep. **Otis Pike**'s growing national stature—his springboard is the House intelligence investigation committee—nonetheless doubt he will risk his safe seat to run against **James Buckley** for the Senate. E&N think **Bess Myerson** probably won't enter that race either, "leaving the field open to Rep. **Bella Abzug**, the candidate least likely to succeed against Buckley." . . . On the West Coast, Sen. **John Tunney** (D.) is having much the same trouble as Buckley—everyone is mentioned as a possible opponent: Rep. **Alphonzo Bell**, **Barry Goldwater Jr.**, former HEW Secretary **Robert Finch**, and former San Francisco State University president **S. I. Hayakawa**—and that's only on the Republican side. . . . In Illinois, where conservatives have been bugged for years by the antics of left-liberal Rep. **Abner Mikva**, support is coalescing around candidacy of **Dan Hales**, Winnetka lawyer and founder of Americans for Effective Law Enforcement. (Illinois Republicans got rid of Mikva once before, but he was voted back in in the disastrous '74 congressional elections.)



Horst, Germany — Rothco

■ The **UN** is in trouble with the Congress: Sen. **James Allen** (D., Ala.) wants a congressional investigation of it, pointing out that the U.S. has contributed $4.7 billion to the UN Treasury over the years. . . . Sen. **Jacob Javits**—who took it like a man when a staunch U.S. ally, **Free China**, was booted out of the UN—now is calling for official U.S. condemnation of the UN (and a cutback in funds) if the General Assembly adopts a resolution classifying Zionism as a form of racism. . . . **Patrick Moynihan**'s statement that there are just "two dozen democracies left" among the 141 member nations of the UN drew a blast from the Communist *Daily World*. The kind of democracy Moynihan is talking about, says *World* columnist **George Morris**, is based on "political fraud, demagogy, rigged elections, Watergate-type government, a vast espionage machinery over the people, racism reeking from every pore, exploitation of the working class for superprofits, endless succession of wars, and [running out of steam] all the rest."

■ On the left: **Philip Berrigan** failed to turn up in court to answer charges of defacing military planes, had a friend explain that he was using the time he might have spent in court "visiting some of the war-makers and the people who profit from war." . . . The House Ethics Committee has voted 7 to 2 to investigate charges that Rep. **Michael Harrington** (D., Mass.) leaked classified material to the press after signing an oath he would not do so (for details see "An Affair of Honor," *NR*, July 18). . . . Sen. **James Abourezk** (D., S.D.) has succeeded in having a native American (i.e., an American Indian), **Chief Frank Fools Crow**, holy man of the Oglala Sioux, offer the invocation for a session of the U.S. Senate—a Senate first. Chief Fools Crow—wouldn't you know—is the grandfather of **Russell Means**, head of the American Indian Movement, conqueror of Wounded Knee, and, at various times, fugitive from justice.

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THE WEEK

■ One wonders what the founding father, Karl Marx, would think of the newest slogan adopted by the *Daily World*, official organ of the Communist Party U.S.A.: "No Taxes on Family Incomes under $25,000."

■ Just in case anyone tries to make you believe that "no one" could have foreseen the troubles that New York City was heading for, we quote the first paragraph of the lead article of the October 27, 1975 issue of *New York* magazine: "On October 7, 1965, William F. Buckley, then a candidate for mayor, warned, 'New York City is in dire financial condition, as a result of mismanagement, extravagance, and political cowardice. . . . New York City must discontinue its present borrowing policies, and learn to live within its income, before it goes bankrupt.' Judging by the reaction, one would have thought Buckley had proposed to drop the atom bomb on Israel."

■ The Newspaper Guild, the union representing newspaper reporters and clerical staff, has issued a statement on the pressmen's strike at the *Washington Post* (see "On the Right," p. 1256). "Lawlessness," said one Guild official, "is lawlessness and must be fought, condemned, and denounced wherever it is encountered, and those who put themselves outside the law must be prepared to accept the consequences of their actions." The lawlessness he was condemning, however, was not that of the printers, who put the presses out of commission before walking out. It was the Guild members': they have been crossing picket lines, thus refusing, says the *New York Times* (delicately) "to condone what is believed by some to be violence by the pressmen."

■ Progressive educators used to say that minority children did poorly in school because they had low self-images reinforced by racist teachers. But according to a study by the Stanford Center of Research and Development in Teaching, minority students have overly *positive* images of their efforts and achievements—images buttressed by, the report hastens to add, racist teachers, who give them unchallenging assignments and then praise them for poor work. The study concludes that the individual discrimination of the Sixties has simply become the institutional racism of the Seventies. Which, translated from the liberalese, means that it is now racist to deny the academic weaknesses of minority students, even as it was once racist to acknowledge them.

■ The Administration has introduced a food-stamp reform bill which, it says, would save $1.2 billion of the $6 billion currently spent on the program. Under the present plan, begun as an experiment in 1962, there is no limit on the gross income a family may have and still be eligible for stamps, so long as the numerous deductions allowed reduce net income to a required amount—which itself is about 50 per cent above the government's "poverty level." Under the proposed plan, college students would be ineligible, "family" would include all people living in one household, and strikers would find it difficult to collect benefits because of a ninety-day waiting period. Identification cards, perhaps with photographs, might also be required. In all, an estimated 3.4 million people would be excluded from the program, which now covers 20 million. The *New York Times* summed it up editorially for the liberals: "President Ford has just renewed his anti-hunger war in which the target seems to be hungry Americans."

■ When the *New York Times* wishes, intermittently, to inform its readers about what Catholics are doing, it calls upon John Deedy, managing editor of *Commonweal* magazine, which died sometime during the 1960s but somehow ekes out a ghostly existence. In the October 19 "Review of the Week," Deedy writes a feature piece on "A New Militancy in the Church." He finds himself forced to concede that a few dark spots remain, *viz.*: "Opposition to a Communist Portugal does reflect the deep official Catholic bias [sic] against Communism." The words "official" and "bias" in that sentence tell us about all we need to know about Deedy. Anyway, his next sentence is a delicious one. "But"—and get that "but"—"in most instances, the militant new activism dramatizes the new social dimensions within Catholicism." Ah, what golden prose, what an ear has our Deedy. But prose style or no prose style, brother Deedy accomplishes the remarkable feat of immanentizing the eschaton in a single sentence: "For many Catholics, purgatory is now more speculative than real; and ecclesiastical emphases accent service to humanity over narrow preoccupation with individual salvation." Get that "narrow." We suggest that the *Times* switch Deedy to its Gnostic Desk.

■ At the 13th annual dinner of New York's Conservative Party last week, held at the Americana Hotel, 900 people heard Ronald Reagan link the challenge facing the country, the need for leadership, and conservative

Milton Friedman Prescribes

He told the Humphrey panel, Look:
Let's play the upturn by the book.
The GNP rose 10 per cent.
If only you in government
Would dampen spending sprees a bit
And gut some taxes, I submit
Recovery would follow through.
But that's not what they're gonna do.

W. H. von Dreele

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The appraisal was by Dr. Ronald Parker of the Graduate School and University Center, at The City University of New York.* (Dr. Parker directs the Cognitive Development Project, at the University's Center for The Advanced Study of Education.)

"Big Blue Marble" takes its name from the photograph of Earth snapped from Moon orbit. It's designed particularly to appeal to children in the 8 to 12 group, and its aim is to encourage awareness in children of the world they live in by showing how children in other lands live, play, work and grow up.

One regular feature of the show, "Dear Pen Pal," encourages children to make friends with English-speaking children in other countries.

Here's what other educators, critics, and the viewing public have to say about the series:

"On the basis of our own values and biases, we feel that it is an attractive and long overdue example of the kind of children's programming that the television industry needs."
Institute for Communication Research, Stanford University

"[ACT commends] Alphaventure [film production company] for creating the 'Big Blue Marble,' an ITT-backed venture designed to run without commercials; and for developing teacher materials to supplement the program."
Action for Children's Television

"An excellent series... The program is both entertaining in that it appeals to the child's curiosity, and educational in that it broadens the child's awareness of other cultures."
Mrs. William Lindsey, Advisor, Reviewing Stand—South, California PTA interdistrict mass media committee

"'Dear Pen Pals' is one feature that adds true meaning to 'Big Blue Marble' because it involves the child in such a personal way."
Ms. Orville Freeman, International Commissioner of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.

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T.M. Alphaventure 1974.

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principles in a way that left no doubt in their minds he is a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. Party Chairman Daniel Mahoney raised the technical point that Reagan hadn't announced—and the crowd guffawed. Senator Buckley was there, and Barbara Keating, who received the 1975 Charles Edison Award ("Eat your heart out, Bella Abzug," she cheerfully advised), and Representative John Ashbrook, and New York State Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, and the Assembly Minority Leader Perry Duryea, and many others. A gargantuan Brownie camera, set up on a huge tripod in one corner of the ballroom, recorded the scene for posterity. Outside, in the chilly night air, joyful demonstrators marched in front of the hotel's entrance with placards proclaiming: Reagan in '76.

■ PERSPECTIVE IN THE NEWS DEPT.: Some time back, it was revealed that American businessmen had been bribing foreign officials, thereby importing capitalist corruption and venality into the more innocent pastoral climes of the globe, or maybe vice versa. If it hadn't been for the baying of the watchdog press, vigilant and incorruptible, we innocents wouldn't have known a thing about it. Well, now comes *TV Guide* with the intelligence that even watchdogs sometimes have to know which hand to lick. Television correspondents in the Middle East and Far East must deal with obstinate minor bureaucrats, and "sometimes the only way to cut red tape is to bribe." "It's not always in cash, but sometimes in radios, recorders, or *Playboy* calendars," says an Asian correspondent. "These guys [the Third World bureaucrats] are usually overeducated and underpaid. It's how they get by. They have their means: at airports, they won't let you bring your equipment in; they'll insist on checking every serial number; they'll expose your film. And then they'll say, 'Next time you come back from Hong Kong, I'd like a mah-jongg set.' And if you agree, you're on your way in an instant." *NR* is terribly shocked.

■ When we at *NR* feel lonely, we take comfort from the thought that Garry Wills is always watching over us, ready at the drop of a comma to guide us back to the strait and narrow. In his latest gentle homily (column dated October 20), our preceptor harks back to a better day—perhaps in those times when he was himself an *NR* contributor—when "Mr. Buckley's magazine . . . used to be subtly racist." Now we have dropped our disguise and go in for "overtly racist analysis." His alert was sounded this time because we had "hailed the English translation of Jean Raspail's novel, *The Camp of the Saints*, as an important political document," and had applied "the Raspail message to America" in connection with Boston busing. In 1968 Garry, attracted by the wonderful Kids in Chicago, went slumming in the counterculture and found its freedom from the discrimination, structure, and civility that are the mark of civilization so seductive that he has stayed there ever since. Why bother with reasoned analysis in one's columns when vilification is so much easier? Garry's October 20 column gives no indication that he has read Raspail's book, but in his current spiritual environment he would in any event not be able to realize that it is Garry, not racism, that Raspail is writing about; about the citizens of the Western nations who have given up the task and duty of defending their civilization and are spiritually ready for immersion in the ancestral mire. And, as Garry's unbuttoned rhetoric so often shows, alas, he seems also to have forgotten the old French law: he who shovels *merde* long enough is going to become *emmerdé*.

■ At last the Soviets have come up with a really promising five-year plan: they have made a deal with the U.S. that will bring them up to eight million tons of American grain annually for the next five years.

■ "Russia" is buying ads in American publications to peddle a coin commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of the end of WWII, so now, folks, "for the *first time*," Americans can own a legal tender cupronickel-zinc Ruble. Ours wouldn't fit in the Coke machine, and the hell with it.

■ Trust the Postal Service to schedule a rate hike for December 28, so that beat-the-increase mail will join the usual Christmas crush to create a monumental mail snarl. Patrons with complaints are advised to send a smoke signal to their congressman.

■ Trust the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to ask for an extra $17 million to hire 473 new field workers to help hold its alleged job bias case backload down to 114,300 by mid-1977. Patrons with complaints are advised to shut up and pay their taxes.

■ Did you know that Richard Rovere doesn't believe, in his heart of hearts, that all forms of racial segregation are wrong?

Watergate Report: End of Phase One

The 277-page report of the Watergate special prosecutor has now been published, and it no doubt marks the conclusion of what might be called the initial or "active" stage of the Watergate affair. In that initial stage a President was forced from office and many of his closest lieutenants faced conviction and prison. The next phase of Watergate—and there will be a next phase, since Watergate was a complex and historically momentous event—now commences. It will involve controversy over both fact and interpretation, for in this respect, like the Dreyfus affair in France, Watergate involved conflicts that go far beyond the question of whether this or that individual was in fact guilty of specific crimes.

With the report before us, we may now note those Watergate-related issues which, though damaging when they appeared in the headlines, have come to nothing.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Everybody in the world now knows what Henry Kissinger said in Canada about Mr. Nixon. He said Mr. Nixon is "a very odd man," "an unpleasant man," and "an artificial man." What would be fun to know is what Mr. Kissinger said when he called Mr. Nixon to apologize. Mr. Kissinger's problem in Canada is that he did not know that the microphone on his table was turned on. Mr. Nixon probably was understanding. He knows how easy it is to say unfortunate things without thinking about nearby microphones.

■ Michael Griffin, an aide to George Wallace, has mastered the art of not saying much while seeming to say a lot. For example, he says: "If we win, we expect to have the Democratic Party support us, and if we don't, we expect to support the Democratic Party, if it reflects the people." The last five words make meaningless all the other words. Meanwhile in Brussels, where he was indulging his fascination with the Common Market, Wallace has said he would not rule out a third-party bid next year: "I don't rule out anything." Then he ruled out running on a joint ticket with Ronald Reagan.

■ Senator Richard Schweiker (R., Pa.) is a tease. He is a member of the poison dart gun crowd—the select committee investigating what remains of U.S. intelligence services. He says: "I think the Warren Commission report is like a house of cards. It's going to collapse." The report concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald killed President Kennedy, and was not part of a conspiracy. Schweiker says the committee is investigating three conspiracy theories and has some "very significant leads." But he says it would be irresponsible for him to go beyond these hints.

■ The final report of the Watergate Special Prosecutor suggests that then-Attorney General Elliot Richardson tried to get then-Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox to accept then-President Nixon's restrictions on the scope of the investigation. In fact, the report says that Richardson urged this course on Cox all during the week that produced the Saturday Night Massacre, when Richardson and his Deputy Attorney General, William Ruckelshaus, resigned rather than obey Nixon's order to fire Cox. Richardson became an early and lasting hero of Watergate for getting massacred.

■ The Federal Election Commission says that taxpayers are using the dollar check-off on their tax returns. The check-off has been available for three years, and has produced $62 million. Next spring, when people are filing their returns during primary season, $40 million more may flow into the fund, which will have more than enough for the $5 million each candidate will get for pre-convention campaigns.

■ The Energy Research and Development Administration probably was trying to be helpful when it told Congress: "The ultimate commercialization of a synthetic fuel process depends upon process efficiency and cost. Small percentage increases in process efficiency result in huge savings because of the large throughput of material in these plants. Consequently, it is necessary to keep the program tracking toward optimum process configurations."

■ Is it Coolidgism or is it arithmetic? *New York Times* columnist James Reston says this about Mr. Ford's views about New York: "He insists with Calvin Coolidge that budgets must be balanced or deficits result. . . ."

■ The government of the District of Columbia now holds the national record: it employs one city worker for every 15 city residents. One wonders where the District government learned so much about producing bureaucracy.

■ ELECTORAL BRIEFS: Headline of the week, understatement division, comes from the *New York Times*. The headline concerned the presidential prospects of Pennsylvania's Democratic Governor Milton Shapp, and the problems he is having with various grand jury and other investigations into his and his associates' activities. The headline was: "Inquiries Affect Shapp Campaign." . . . Cato can now say for sure that former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter will be the Democratic nominee. He won a straw vote in Ohio Democratic caucuses. He got 571 votes. Runner-up was Sargent Shriver with 401 votes. It is odd, though, that Carter, riding this surging tide, now has to cut back his staff salaries 20 per cent. . . . Leo Thorsness served his country well in Vietnam, winning the Congressional Medal of Honor. He did not serve his country so well back home in South Dakota where, in 1974, he failed to beat Senator George McGovern. Now he has gone to work for the Ford campaign committee. . . . You're not going to believe this. Harold Stassen, 67, says he is going to skip the 1976 presidential race, but he is thinking of running for the Senate next year, if Pennsylvania Senator Hugh Scott retires. —CATO

Mr. Bebe Rebozo was not shown to have been guilty of wrongdoing in connection with that $100,000 campaign contribution from Howard Hughes, or in connection with anything else, for that matter. Mr. Nixon and his lawyers were not shown to have been guilty of fraud in connection with the Nixon income tax returns. The whole matter of improvements on the Nixon properties in San Clemente and Key Biscayne has not been resolved. Indeed, the question of whether it is in the national interest for a President to have a separate headquarters in some region remote from Washington has not even begun to be discussed. The Nixon people clearly operated on the assumption that the western White House in San Clemente served the national interest, an assumption supported editorially in *NR*, an assumption indeed that had begun to institutionalize itself during the Administrations of previous Presidents.

All of these issues and allegations were used to inflame the atmosphere of the final Nixon months and facilitate his removal from office. None of them, in retrospect, amounts to very much.

In the months to come exegetes will delve into those transcripts and tapes. It will be surprising if Nixon's guilt in the "obstruction of justice" charge does not come under skeptical examination. Even now it is clear that the "smoking gun" June 23 tape that finally drove Nixon from office is subject to varying interpretations regarding motive, context, knowledge of fact on the part of the

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participants, and even exactly what the conversation was about.

Historians will also debate the larger meanings of Watergate, which transcend the actual break-in, just as the larger issues in the Dreyfus affair transcended the innocence of Dreyfus and the guilt of Esterhazy. A few of those larger meanings undoubtedly will be:

1. Watergate emerged directly out of the division in the nation over the Vietnam War. It was, therefore, connected in one of its aspects with the revolutionary struggle in the world. Watergate had its roots in that twilight contest pitting "plumbers," allegedly illegal CIA domestic operations, and FBI maneuvers against Ellsberg, New Left militants, the surrounding "movement," and sympathetic elements inside the bureaucracy. All of the participants in this aspect of Watergate believed that they were involved in a kind of civil war; and, indeed, they were correct.

2. Watergate represented a struggle for power between rival elites. The two Nixon electoral victories represented a serious defeat for the older liberal and Eastern governing elite at the hands of a new elite based in the South and Southwest, some of whom—including Richard Nixon—were, as *nouveaux arrivés* usually are, rather crude as operators. Given the opportunity afforded by the Watergate break-in, the older elite, in a united front with the New Left, struck back savagely, aided by allies in the media, and partially negated the 1972 election result.

3. The media also expressed their own self-interest throughout their handling of Watergate. The Nixon Administration correctly perceived the major media as a hostile power grouping, largely opposed to New Majority/Middle American policies. For several years the Administration had sought to curb media power. Watergate allowed the media to make a big comeback.

4. Watergate also issued from a power struggle between the White House and the entrenched bureaucrats throughout the federal agencies. Following the 1972 landslide, this struggle had begun to tilt slightly against the bureaucrats. Nixon was impounding funds, installing has own men in the agencies, dismantling OEO, talking about decentralization. The bureaucracy, as a consequence, began "leaking like a sieve." The famous "Deep Throat" is representative here.

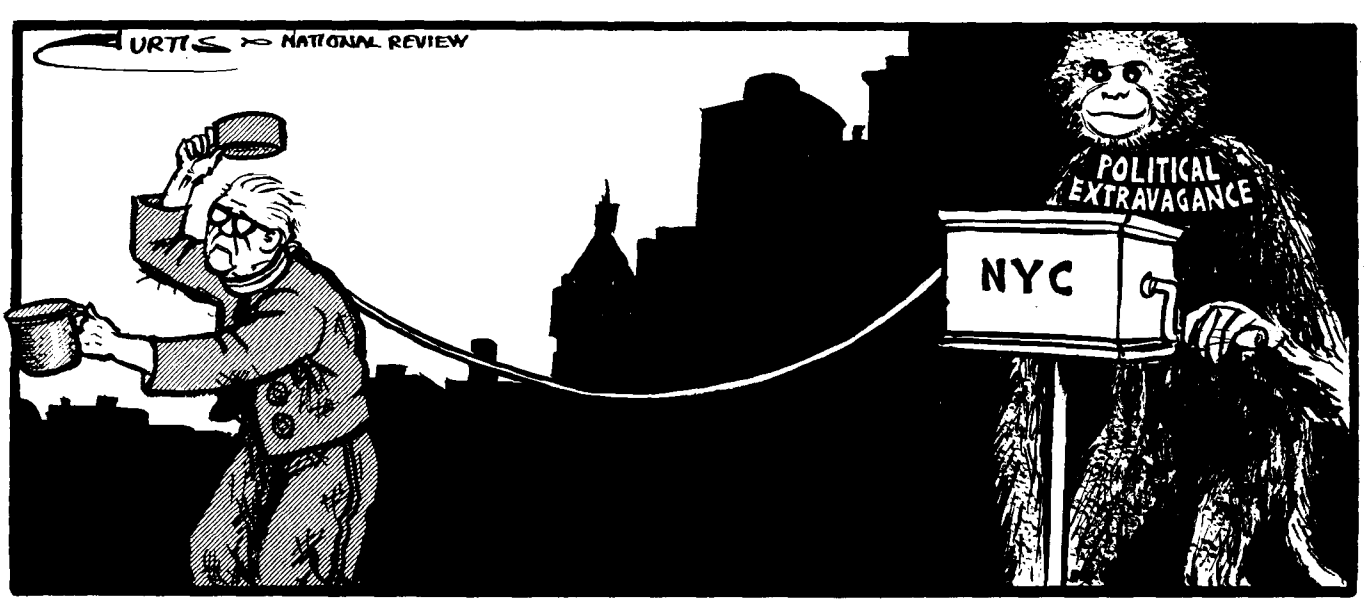
5. Watergate may have signaled the institutional weakness of the Republican Party and its approaching transformation or demise. No such entity as the Ervin Committee could have appeared if the transgressions had been committed during a Democratic Administration. Indeed, the earlier Bobby Baker scandal was routinely quashed for LBJ by agreeable Democratic majorities in Congress. But the Republicans have not been able to control Congress during most of the period since 1945. Watergate may therefore have been virtually inevitable.

Footnote: After all the hearings and investigations and reports we still do not know why the original burglars broke into Democratic headquarters in the Watergate, and thereby started the ball rolling.

Gerald at the Bridge

We are about to learn what sort of backbone our President is equipped with: one of those flexible rubber jobs that are general issue for modern politicians, or an older-fashioned model that stays upright even when the pushing gets rough. Like all Presidents, Gerald Ford has had a lot of decisions put to him, and, like all Presidents, he has made or compromised or avoided them according to principle or expediency or some admixture of the two. But though some of the issues have been of major import, no one of them up to now has confronted him with a choice that is at once altogether clear-cut in the Yes-No alternative it presents, momentous in its consequences for the commonweal, and mercilessly revelatory of the man who must make it.

By his own statements repeated over many months, Mr. Ford believes it to be wrong and injurious to the



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"McCarthyism!"

public welfare for the Federal Government to bail out New York City. He believes that if New York will not or cannot avoid fiscal default without federal financial help (i.e., federal help beyond and over what it gets routinely), then the City should be allowed to default, and thereby take the consequences of the maladministration that has brought it to its sorry state. This is not an issue like that of the size of an HEW or Defense appropriation, where even a man of principle can properly compromise a few billions here and a few more there. It is an issue like pregnancy or declaring war: one thing or the other, Yes or No. There should be no federal bailout of New York: none at all. That is what the President believes. By a month from now we will find out whether he stands up for his belief.

There is formidable pressure on the President to be a good chap and renounce his belief. It's not only the New York politicians and union chiefs, who see lean years ahead after the time of easy pickings if the President doesn't come through, but other big city mayors, thinking it may soon be their turn to come hat in hand, and in the last few weeks those stalwart champions of Free Enterprise, the chiefs of the great New York banks, begging the Federal Government to make good the sinking New York notes and bonds they were once so happy to hold in their vaults and peddle to their customers. Vice President Nelson Rockefeller—brother, as somehow it happens, to David Rockefeller, president of Chase Manhattan—"changes his mind," and comes out for a federal infusion. Bigger and bigger headlines prophesy state, national, and global financial disaster if the U.S. Treasury doesn't open its checkbook to Mayor Beame.

No doubt there would be financial troubles, and not only for New York City creditors, if New York defaults. We guess, though, that they wouldn't be nearly as horrendous as now advertised. We were told a couple of years ago that the house would fall down if the Penn Central and the Franklin Bank folded, but both did and there were only small ripples. But however bad the consequences of New York's defaulting would be, we are convinced that the consequences of a federal bailout—even dressed up, like the Paris Accords, with all sorts of conditions and guarantees—would be much worse and more lasting. Even now New York could rescue itself if it were really willing to take the steps that are both necessary and possible. A bailout will only make certain that they are never taken.

So, Mr. President?

Wallace Processional

In 1968 and 1972 George Wallace ran improvised campaigns, long on enthusiasm but short on organization and replete with avoidable blunders. Nevertheless, as everyone knows, he showed substantial strength and had a powerful influence on the way the issues were defined. He did "send them a message."

The current Wallace campaign represents a complete transformation. Compared with Wallace, all the other Democratic candidates look like mere scramblers. This year Wallace is not sending anyone a message, and his new campaign slogan suggests his changed position: "Trust the People."

Wallace has long been organizing for 1976. His campaign qualified months ago for federal matching money, but his fundraising has been so successful that he may not even ask for the federal cash. He may be the only candidate running free of charge to the taxpayers. He will be on the ballot in every state holding a primary, except New Hampshire. Already his organizers are in the process of identifying his delegate candidates. His present tour through Europe falls into place in both timing and style. It is not the usual slightly ignominious scramble through the "three I's"—Ireland, Italy, Israel—the candidate's neck swiveled 180 degrees and his eyes riveted on bloc votes at home. No, Wallace is on a leisurely Grand Tour through the major capitals, where, indeed, his reception has been on the whole good, if somewhat wary. When Wallace attended Mass in Rome he no doubt had in mind the Catholic Wallace vote in places like Boston, but it was also in many ways a historic and symbolic moment, realignment politics with a vengeance. We have come a long way since Al Smith and 1928, and indeed from 1960 and Kennedy facing the Houston ministers.

In due course, the measured procession that the Wallace campaign has become will move forward again and he will make his public announcement at the time long

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ago decided upon. Wallace is not scrambling. All his opponents are.

And by a strange irony of history, all the "liberal reforms" instituted since 1972 are going to benefit Wallace more than any other candidate: the federal funds, if he chooses to take them; the vastly expanded percentage of delegates to be chosen in primaries; the provision that delegates pledged to a candidate must in fact vote for him; the proportional representation requirements.

Some Democratic professionals, some commentators in the media, are just beginning to look at one another with a wild surmise. Is it possible that they will have to think the unthinkable?

Teddy's Growing Problems

As he contemplates his campaign for re-election next year in Massachusetts, Senator Edward Kennedy faces two problems of mounting seriousness. He must find some way to deal with organized anti-busing sentiment, which is certain to receive fresh impetus from the forthcoming Wallace campaign in the presidential primary. And Kennedy is now coming under intense attack from the Right-to-Life organizations which constitute an important and growing force in Massachusetts politics.

Kennedy has managed to put himself in a contradictory and untenable position as regards both issues. While repeatedly using the "conscience" argument to defend his unpopular pro-busing position, he also voted *against* his conscience—or so he says—on abortion, asserting that he is morally opposed to abortion but is unwilling to impose his views on others. Busing, however, he is perfectly content to impose.

Kennedy's appeals to "conscience" and "morality," of course, make many people wish for an air-sick bag.

One of Kennedy's most eloquent and effective critics in Massachusetts these days is a black surgeon, Dr. Mildred Jefferson, who has become a leading speaker around the state on the Right-to-Life issue. "The senator should know," she says, "that we are organizing all over the state and we are going to win this fight if it takes thirty years."

Senator Kennedy would thus be in trouble in Massachusetts in 1976, perhaps serious trouble, if a genuine opposition party actually existed in the state. Unfortunately, a Massachusetts Republican candidate is typically a genteel liberal WASP who loses gracefully.

Money Matters

Monetarist economics argues that the general trend of the rate of increase in the money supply over a sustained period largely determines the general trend of inflation, after a fairly long and variable time lag. A six-page study by Michael Levy of the Conference Board, a business research organization, claims that monetarism "overrates the short-term influence of money growth on inflation." Leonard Silk, in the *New York Times*, reports that "Mr. Levy reaches the startling conclusion that a faster rate of monetary growth may actually be less inflationary in the short run . . . than slower money growth." Specifically, Levy's version of a monetarist equation shows inflation at 5.9 per cent in the first quarter of 1976 with a 5 per cent rate of growth in the money supply, and 5 per cent inflation with a 10 per cent rate of growth. While inflation is slowing down throughout 1975 with 5 per cent money growth, however, Levy's forecasts show inflation clearly *accelerating* with 7.5 or 10 per cent money growth, and inflation is higher in the latter two cases by the end of 1976. With anything like 10 per cent money growth in 1976, it is safe to predict that inflation would soar to double digit rates in 1977 or 1978, but Levy's model stops at 1976. Never looking beyond election years is what got us into this mess.

Levy's answer to monetarism is to find a bunch of numbers ("variables") that go up and down with inflation rates, and then manipulate the way these numbers change over time in such a way as to make their changes match past changes in inflation. This exercise in hindsight uses things like wage rates, costs, past inflation rates, and unemployment. But when it comes to predicting how and why these variables are going to move, Levy provides no clue. Indeed, his only forecast of the future (curiously erased in the *New York Times*' charts) is from the monetarist equation. This embarrassment is due to the fact that Levy's assorted variables obviously depend to a large degree on money, so they hardly constitute a separate explanation for a persistent rise in many prices. Most of his variables *are* prices—past inflation, costs, and wages—so he is explaining a rise in prices by a rise in prices. Nice try, though.

Anarchy as Prelude

Portugal is now in what the seventeenth century political philosophers called "a state of anarchy." There is no genuine government, no single locus of sovereignty and authority. There is no magistrate who can issue an order to police, soldiers, civil servants, or citizens with assurance that it will be carried out.

Such a state of anarchy is intolerable for human beings for any length of time. "During the time that men live without a common power to keep them in awe," wrote Thomas Hobbes, "they are in that condition which is called war; and such a war as is of every man against every man"—a throwback toward the "state of nature," with its "continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

Therefore men will, indeed must, strive to transform the warlike state of anarchy into some sort of politically ordered society: that is, a society in which there is a single sovereign authority, since there cannot be more than one sovereign—there cannot be two commanders-

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Running in Boston

Kevin White was once a
  Liberal true blue.
He was all for busing;
  Integration, too.
Now he finds the voters
  March with other bands,
While the Boston Irish
  Sit upon their hands.

W. H. VON DREELE

in-chief. If there are inherently irreconcilable contenders for the sovereignty, one must win out and the others must submit. Since the stakes are high—the highest among material stakes—and since men are as they are, the outcome must all but inevitably be decided by force: by what we call civil war.

It is obvious that Portugal is now only a few gunshots away from civil war. In any country but Portugal, the line would probably have been crossed some weeks ago. The preparations go forward in every camp. The Constituent Assembly has disappeared from sight. No one pays attention to the decisions of the nominal government, few even to those of the Armed Forces Council. The Communists, who have all along pretty much followed the classic Bolshevik scenario, are promoting the formation of soldiers, workers, and farmers committees —i.e., soviets. Each side knows the showdown must come, but no side is ready and willing to take the initiative. Meanwhile, the NATO nations use these weeks of prelude to the drama that will very probably decide Europe's fate (see James Burnham in this issue) for a campaign against the dying Franco.

Behind the Indochina Curtain

A few trickles of news: *South Vietnam.* Western experts are certain that a member of the Hanoi Politburo actually rules the nominally independent South Vietnam through a network of "Military Management Committees." These Committees were meant to have been phased out within weeks of the takeover, but are still in operation, and anti-Communists continue to resist them. South Vietnam is being subjected to a massive re-education program and a back-to-the-country movement, designed to increase farm production but also, no doubt, to break up potential centers of resistance.

Cambodia. Prince Sihanouk and a small entourage were allowed back into Cambodia last month. One member of the group, Nouth Cheoum, reports that Phnom Penh, which had two million inhabitants before the fall, now has about 50,000, all of them soldiers. "Grass grew in the streets," he says, "shops were shuttered or looted, and cars stood abandoned and rusted at the roadsides." The Khmer Rouge "won Cambodia at gunpoint. Now they expect to rebuild the same way." Pro-Sihanouk Communists who had fought with the Khmer Rouge "vanished without trace"; high-ranking anti-Communists who had elected to remain in Cambodia were publicly executed, including Lon Non (brother to President Lon Nol) and Premier Long Boret. Nouth reports that the Khmer Rouge is still split into two factions, pro-Hanoi and pro-Peking; the pro-Hanoi are now in the ascendant.

Laos. The Pathet Lao faction that is running the country seems to be communicating with Hanoi more than with Vientiane. It has designated its northern stronghold, Vieng Xay, the new capital, in addition to the royal capital at Luang Prabang and the traditional political capital at Vientiane. The only serviceable road from Vieng Xay leads to Hanoi; Pathet Lao radio broadcasts from a station near Hanoi. Western analyses of where the lines of power lie were confirmed by the celebration, October 12, of the thirtieth anniversary of Laos' declaration of independence. There were ceremonies in all three capitals. Prince Souvanna Phouma, who, although he retains the title of Premier, is virtually under house arrest, was allowed to attend the one in Luang Prabang, but all the visiting Communist dignitaries went to Vieng Xay. Prince Souphanouvong—the Red Prince —proclaimed: "The Lao people are genuinely masters of their own country," bringing, no doubt, a smile to the lips of the Hanoi delegation there assembled.

In sum: What Ho Chi Minh called "the revolution along the Mekong" has shifted into its final phase.

The Right to Paddle

Spanking children must date from prehistoric times. Parents have found it character-building for millennia. Now, A.D. 1975, the U.S. Supreme Court has made spanking constitutional. Corporal punishment, rules the Court, may be administered by teachers, even over the objections of parents (though not where prohibited by law, as in New York). It is a welcome ruling, or, more accurately, the opposite ruling would have been absurd. In many of the nation's schools the prime impediment to education is not lack of money or overpowering teachers' unions but a complete lack of discipline.

Restrictions apply, of course, to the teachers' Right to Paddle: they must have given a prior warning to the student (will it have to be recorded on videotape in order for the teacher to defend himherself against a charge of battery?); a second teacher must be present at the spanking; and the parents must be informed if they inquire. Yet the ruling seems trivial. The Supreme Court has ruled previously on such issues as the constitutional length and location of students' hair, and on the constitutionality of their dressing habits. Now, instead of refusing the case and allowing the lower federal court's pro-paddling decision to stand, the over-busy highest Court took the time to affirm the ancient wisdom on the

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link between the spared rod and the spoiled child: the teacher, standing *in loco parentis*, may spank. Given the conditions in the schools, it may be a necessary ruling—but that is a pretty dismal commentary on the times. What weighty matter should we expect the high Court to discourse on next—the constitutionality of requiring children to brush their teeth after every meal?

Adults for a Democratic Society

While the students at the University of Massachusetts were attending a football rally boasting pom-pom girls on floats and an ROTC color guard, some several hundred of their elders were holding their own kind of rally on the Amherst, Massachusetts campus: a conference on ways to change the system. John Froines, of Chicago Seven fame, was there, as was Lee Webb, one of the founders of the Students for a Democratic Society. Webb is now Professor Webb at Vermont's Goddard College and an official in his town's Democratic Party; Froines, for his part, now directs his rage in a different direction than he did in Chicago in 1968. He enforces the law as a supervisor of industrial health regulations for the state of Vermont. Like Webb and Froines, most of the radicals at the conference were either college teachers or employed in state or local government. After ten years of marching, sitting-in, and trashing, the ageing kids now believe, quite conveniently, that if the system is going to be changed, it's going to have to be an inside job.

Where once they favored the systems of Ho and Mao, the radicals now prefer a more genteel kind of socialism. They want government ownership of all utilities and, like the McGoverns, Humphreys, and Javitses, stricter controls on whatever "big interests" may escape government takeover. They also want more government grants to the poor and more assistance for the housing industry. All of this, of course, is just about mainstream Democratic Party. Both the radicals and the Democrats have come a long way in ten years.

'Nonviolent' Aggression

Life imitating art, King Hassan II of Morocco plans to lead a "nonviolent" march of 350,000 unarmed people across the borders of the Spanish Sahara with the avowed aim of conquering the territory and, not incidentally, gaining control of its enormous phosphate resources. Though "nonviolent," the march is openly called the "March of Conquest" by Hassan and other Moroccan spokesmen, a paradox that nicely focuses the issues at stake.

The art being imitated by life here is of course Jean Raspail's powerful novel *The Camp of the Saints* (reviewed in *NR*, September 26). Raspail depicts the "nonviolent" conquest of France by one million beggars from Calcutta. Hassan or someone in his circle may actually have read Raspail, the Moroccan cultural ambiance being French, but in any event Raspail and Hassan both perceive the circumstances in which "nonviolent" aggression can succeed: when the target of such aggression lacks the will to repel it.

The Spanish are poorly situated but not altogether helpless. Theoretically, they could turn their guns on Hassan's horde, thereby setting a useful precedent regarding the inviolability of borders, but they are inhibited by practical considerations. The resulting outcry would be deafening, and, anyway, the Spanish—who have plenty of other troubles to worry about at the moment—do not intend to remain in control of the Sahara. The inhabitants of the Sahara, however, strenuously oppose absorption by Morocco, and may try to block Hassan's horde (even though they themselves number 75,000 in all). Both Spain and Algeria back a plebiscite —also approved by a World Court opinion—that presumably would issue in some form of Saharan independence.

As a tactic, "nonviolent" aggression may well have a future, as Raspail suggests. Gandhi used the tactic brilliantly. It had some trial runs during the Southern sit-ins and in some operations of the anti-Vietnam movement. Just what would be the result if some 350,000 "nonviolent" Africans invaded Rhodesia or South Africa? By the year 2000, the population of Mexico is expected to reach levels that may well be unmanageable. What would be the response if one million Mexicans began, "nonviolently," to conquer Texas and Southern California?

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: *NR* Readers

The 17th of November is the 20th Anniversary of *NR*. A committee of sponsors, headed by James Jackson Kilpatrick and John M. Olin, is throwing a bash for *NR* at the Plaza Hotel, beginning at 8 P.M., participants to include Senators Goldwater and Buckley and Governor Reagan, and to exclude, I gather, sadly, a lot of people who will not fit into the small ballroom because of the New York City fire laws, which are the only laws I can think of, off-hand, regularly observed in New York City. The sponsors ask me to announce that tickets are still available at $100 apiece (included: free everything); but not many. If there is a cash surplus, it will be donated to *NR*, to be applied against our awful deficit. If there is a deficit, the sponsors will bear the burden. Inquiries should be addressed to Marvin Liebman, Secretary, *NR* Anniversary Dinner, Suite 608, 95 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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Silverliningwise. That afternoon, the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW are presiding over their own celebration. We are bringing to New York, to deliver a special lecture composed for the occasion, Professor Michael Oakeshott of the London School of Economics. He is, roughly speaking, the most eloquent man in the world. He will speak at 4:15, at the Hunter College Playhouse, 695 Park Avenue (at 68th Street), New York City. After the talk, he will exchange conversation with the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW and James Jackson Kilpatrick, and with members of the audience.

The Hunter Playhouse seats 600 people. Subscribers to NATIONAL REVIEW are invited to attend as guests of the editors. The next issue of *NR* will carry an announcement. At the bottom of the page you will find a perforated section. Rip it off, present it at the door, and you will be admitted free. If the sponsors sell enough tickets for the evening event, you may even be garlanded with a lei. (Non-subscribers can write to Marvin Liebman—see above address, $1.50 per.) Don't—whatever you do—miss this one. In the years to come, it would be as sinful as to have missed a public lecture by Thoreau, or Emerson. Look forward to seeing you. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As the CBS presentation of *Fear on Trial* pointed out, blacklisting on account of political beliefs or organizational affiliations is an un-American approach to hiring.

It is ironic, however, that Mr. Faulk was the vice president of one of the most notorious "blacklisters" of them all. AFTRA, like all stage, screen, and radio unions, makes it virtually impossible for a performer to work in that profession unless he joins its club.

My very best,
David R. Glendinning
Dallas, Texas

■ Mr. William F. Buckley Jr.
Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.
New York, New York
Sir:

Re your release "Anglican Agony," that is without a doubt the most arrogant piece of journalism I have ever seen, and I have seen more than my share.

You have set yourself—so you think anyway—higher than the Church. You think you have the LAST word to say on Latin and our own language. Who says it was "the noble old Latin liturgy"? A proof of how little the old meant to you is the example of your crass uncharitableness: ". . . and ask Him (my Maker) . . . not to forgive the people who ruined the Mass." What a proud hypocrite you are. It must have never occurred to your great, enlightened wisdom that the same Church and Holy Spirit which gave us Latin for a few centuries in our long history also gave us the vernacular today as was the custom in the Church for centuries. But you, the arrogant one, couldn't care less because you are your own God. Your way or no way.

The Road Not Taken

When I was one-and-twenty,
  Here's what I should have done:
Become a New York garbageman
  Till I was forty-one.
That's when the guys retire
  And garbage-toting halts.
Just think, I'd be in Florida
  When Mayor Beame defaults.

W. H. VON DREELE

You don't have to practice Yoga to tune out everything you hear on Sunday. You have done that already as is obvious from your hypocritical letter. If you hadn't tuned out, you would have heard God say that he who hears the Church, hears Him. But no, you listen to your god, who is spelled the same as your own name.

If I were your pastor and saw you in Church on Sunday, I'd go down and boot your ass out. The Mass is for honest sinners and not for the likes of you, buster.

The Rev. J. C. Sunderland
Jesuit Hall
St. Louis University
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Father Sunderland:

Forgive me, Father. I hadn't known until now how appealingly the Christian position could be put. Don't let the devil deter you from updating Paul . . . You were born to vernacularize his reactionary passages on Charity. My best to your congregation. They will surely inherit the earth. Yours cordially,

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I don't know whether you would find it of any value, but I've come across an amusing passage (dated 1857) in the diaries of Henry Crabb Robinson which possibly you might be able to use in one of the *NR* columns. At any rate, here it is: "January 15—I found enjoyment in the cleverness of two numbers of the *Times* and the last *Examiner*. In a letter by Holyoake, the atheist, is an epigram by his friend Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer, which settles the question—What is a Communist?—One who has yearnings for equal division of unequal earnings. Idler or bungler, he is willing to fork out his penny and pocket your shilling. He who is not satisfied with this, will not be satisfied with any elaborate reasoning on the subject." —*Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson*, ed. Thomas Sadler (London: Macmillan and Co., 1869), III, p. 450.

Yours sincerely,
(Name withheld by request)
Boston, Mass.
—WFB

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Tuning Out

IN THE FIFTH WEEK of the 1975 television season ABC finished first in the weekly rating race. Usually ABC finishes third. Indeed, it has finished first only when it has offered boffo movies like *Love Story* or *Airport*. ABC made it into first place with a little unwitting help from the President of the United States.

Although ABC is "stronger" this year than it usually is (this is, of course, relative: the new shows on all the networks are a flock of gobbling turkeys), one important reason for ABC's sudden—and temporary—ascent to glory is that ABC, unlike NBC and CBS, decided not to broadcast a presidential press conference. This occurred on a Thursday evening and, as an ABC spokesman said, "We usually win Thursday anyway. We just won it bigger this time." CBS, which usually is at the top of the heap, found itself at the bottom of the heap in the fifth week. One reason is that CBS televised the press conference, which was held at a time when zillions of Americans are accustomed to joining John-boy and the other Waltons.

Making Hay

On Thursday, ABC was making hay by making up for hay lost on Monday of the same week when it, unlike NBC and CBS, chose to broadcast Mr. Ford's speech proposing a package of $28-billion worth of spending and tax cuts. All the networks say such judgments are made on the basis of the news value of the event, but it is fair to note that Monday night is a big night for CBS, with *Maude* and *Rhoda* and *Phyllis* and *All in the Family*. In addition, one rationale offered for the two networks' refusal to carry the speech is that the speech was political. Political it assuredly was. It set the tone (specificity, practicality) and theme (the government is getting too big and the "won't do" Congress won't do anything about it) for Ford's campaign. But the fact that the speech was political does not distinguish it from most of the things that most Presidents have done on television.

What is distinctive and, I think, telling is that the television networks suddenly are willing and even anxious to make independent and adverse judgments about presidential requests for air time. It was just a year ago that the networks allowed themselves to be badgered against their better judgment into broadcasting what the White House assured them would be a major policy statement on public enemy number one. What the President delivered was a major fiasco—the Kansas City speech to the Future Farmers of America, in which he proposed that the nation whip inflation now by planting vegetable gardens and following other such home advice that he had culled from his mail. But this year, an ABC official acidly noted that Mr. Ford "gives a speech every fifteen minutes," and ABC bumped Mr. Ford in favor of a thirty-minute detective show.

Give 'Em a Choice

Of course there is nothing surprising, and certainly nothing alarming, in the fact that, given a choice, most Americans would rather watch televised entertainment than televised politicians. In most metropolitan areas there are non-network stations that do not carry presidential events and they usually do well when Presidents are on other channels transacting public business. What is new and encouraging is that television executives, who may be the most timid people in Creation, feel free to take a relaxed view of presidential appearances.

I may be making too much of all this but I think this little matter of Mr. Ford and the networks says something important about Mr. Ford's current status and the nation's current mood.

As regards Mr. Ford, it is additional evidence that he has badly overexposed himself on the eve of a presidential nomination campaign that will pit him against Ronald Reagan, the most accomplished platform performer among politicians of national stature. Lou Cannon, who covers the White House for the *Washington Post*, writes:

> Five reporters sit around the White House briefing room, listening to a piped-in speech that Gerald Ford is giving to the National Association of Food Chains. They take no notes.
>
> A Ford advance man goes into a community seeking assistance from the local Republican Party for a forthcoming presidential visit. He gets very little help. . . .
>
> The advance man . . . said it has become more difficult to get cooperation from local party officials because the President has traveled so much that his visits no longer seem to be special occasions.

And a veteran Republican congressman says: "The country may have seen too much of Jerry. He was a refreshing contrast to Dick Nixon but he's been on television so many times saying the same things that the novelty of an open President has worn off."

But it is not just Mr. Ford who doesn't seem special any more. A decade of war and scandal has left the citizens with an altered relationship, a more distant relationship, with the government and hence, inevitably, with the nation. On the eve of what is sure to be (thanks to the proliferation of primaries) the nation's noisiest presidential year, the voters are already tuckered out. That is why the President has been tuned out. And on the eve of the Bicentennial the President, a traditional source of excitement, is defeating the best efforts of his professional advance men as they try to stir up excitement for his appearance.

To repeat, Mr. Ford is not the "problem." There is no "problem." The nation has just matured rather a lot in recent years. The Democratic Party won't produce anyone exciting next year because the nation has outgrown that kind of excitement about politicians. That may be bad news for Mr. Reagan. He cannot prosper by arguing that Mr. Ford is insufficiently conservative. Rather, Mr. Reagan will succeed if and only if he can generate the kind of excitement he generated in the two California campaigns that proved he is the best campaigner of the last decade. It won't be easy. □

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LETTER FROM FRANCE

Nostalgia and Strategy

JAMES BURNHAM

On two facing pages of the special issue (October 6-12) that it consecrated to the anti-Franco crusade, *L'Express* placed two almost identical full-page photographs: each of a massed crowd jamming the wide stretch of the Champs-Elysées to denounce, the banners proclaim, FRANCO ASSASSIN. One of the photographs was taken in the autumn of 1936, shortly after the formation of the Communist-Socialist-Radical Popular Front; the other, on September 27, 1975. You can tell them apart by the fact that in one the demonstrators are wearing hats or caps, as Europeans did in the far-off golden days.

For an entire generation of "politically conscious" Europeans (and for not a few Americans, too), the Spanish civil war of 1936-39 was a determining experience; except for a few mavericks like Charles Maurras, Wyndham Lewis, and Roy Campbell, they were swept along the anti-Franco—the *progressiste*—branch of the spiritual crossroads that the war proved to be. The Spanish agony sucked in many of the young men who were destined to become intellectual, political, and military leaders of the mid-century decades. André Malraux, in the tradition of World War I, commanded an air "escadrille" (España) and later turned his Spanish experiences into what is perhaps his best, though not his best known, book. Ernest Hemingway, George Orwell, Georges Bernanos, and John Dos Passos were among the dozens of other writers whose lives and works were indelibly marked by their presence then in Spain. An incident of the war was the seed of the most famous picture of the century's most famous painter. Most of the men who became chiefs of Communist East Europe were there in one capacity or another—Tito, Walter Ulbricht, the Hungarian Rajk and Czech Slansky among them, along with Soviet Marshals-to-be Malinovsky, Koniev, and Rokossovsky, and many of those who became leaders of the labor federations and Marxist parties, and sometimes the governments, of Western Europe.

The mark of Spain's civil war continued to stain the lives and souls of this large company—not only the elite echelon I have referred to but its anonymous companions and the millions who, from further off, derived their feelings from the articulating elite. And these spiritual veterans of Spain's war, even those whose reasoned views have long ago gone beyond the ideological simplifications of the Thirties, have now and then come together to re-feel their rite of passage and to proclaim once more, FRANCO ASSASSIN.

Nostalgia's Time Machine

Politics has no congenital immunity to the nostalgia that has for the past several years spread through so many nodes of the Western world. The ghosts of the Hollywood Ten and the Rosenbergs and the zombie-like Alger Hiss re-form in the languorous mist, like Art Nouveau, Stutz Bearcats, and jazz, and an aura of *Saturday Evening Post* hovers over Gerald Ford. In the West European nations, September's mass outpouring of *progressistes*—the broad Left—under those classic anti-Franco slogans was in part a nostalgic trip.

It is true that most of the marchers who filled the Champs-Elysées and the avenues of Rome, London, Milan, Stockholm, Bonn, Brussels, Amsterdam, and Oslo were not even alive when the Spanish war was being fought on battlefields. But this chronological fact has no bearing on nostalgia's psychic reality. The younger generations were not alive or were unaware children when jazz was created or Art Nouveau flourished, when people drove Marmons and Bugattis or danced the Charleston or drank in speakeasies, but they are often absorbed into the nostalgic mist even more wholly than the senior generation that was there in the flesh. All over Western Europe young people, even more than their elders, flocked a year or so back to the movie about the Stavisky affair, with its superb romantic re-creation of the look and tone of that same year in which the French Popular Front took office and the Spanish war began.

Nostalgia removes the rocks and whirlpools from the flow of time, and soothes the psyche with a gentler music and lingering perfume. We return to wondrous days when things—even crime, infidelity, wars—were covered with a magical glow, were less demanding, above all much simpler, not requiring painful choices. FRANCO ASSASSIN! What could be simpler, more beautiful, more unifying? What more satisfying and exhilarating mode of recess from inflation, unemployment, debts, strikes, crime, the domineering insolence of the superpowers, the sterile squabbling of domestic politics, the appalling news from neighboring Portugal, than a vast collective act in which national borders disappear and Europe proves that it can rise above its material divisions into a transcending moral unity? Jean-François Revel began his commentary: "Spain gave Europe the occasion for realizing its unity through a moral problem." More deeply hidden, there is, perhaps, a note of desperation: If Franco be not an assassin, then is all our faith vain.

Beyond True and False

From the standpoint of the national or collective interests of the West European nations it is impossible to discover a rational justification, moral or political, for the anti-Franco eruption. Its moral pretensions crumble under the mildest questioning. Only Franco assassin? What about all those other assassin heads of government? (The Soviet government has executed more than a dozen persons this year for alleged "economic crimes." There have been no reports of BREZHNEV ASSASSIN demonstrations in Paris, Rome, or even Stockholm.) What, indeed, about those ETA and FRAP assassins in Spain itself, who boast about their killings and don't even pretend that the targets of their bombs and bullets—not to speak of the bystanders mowed down in passing—have anything to do with individual guilt?

Politically, the anti-Franco operation—from the point of view of Western Europe—was absurd. Even in terms of the professed objective, it probably

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strengthened rather than weakened the Spanish regime, as the mass counter-outburst in Spain on October 1 seemed to indicate. But its most patent absurdity is in its relation to terrorism, which is now an acute problem for Western Europe as well as for Spain.

These anti-Franco demonstrations were, in political effect, taking the side of the terrorists—the terrorists in France, Italy, West Germany, Sweden, Britain, and Belgium as well as in Spain—against legitimate government. No slogans, speeches, statements, or actions connected with the demonstrations condemned the Spanish or any other terrorists.

Franco's handling of accused terrorists may have been somewhat short on due process, but every sensible person knows you can't deal with terrorism through the years-long delays and intricacies of the sclerotic legal apparatus we use for routine criminals. The French, German, Italian, British, and other West European demonstrators were, in effect, undermining their governments' attempts (already weak enough) to deal with their own terrorists. By their cowardly capitulation to the demonstrators—cf. their panicky recall of ambassadors from Madrid and the direct participation of several, including the Dutch and Swedish, prime ministers in the street demonstrations—the West European leaders, most of whom know better, were conniving in the sabotage of their own authority. The Spanish government is at least trying to do *something* to keep its citizens from being shot or blown up by—yes, by assassins.

From Absurdity to Logic

I have been suggesting that this anti-Franco enterprise was non-rational, more or less spontaneous, and in part an expression of political nostalgia. This characterization, however, applies only to the anonymous masses that joined in, not to the leaders of the organizations that gave structure and direction to the demonstrations or to the activist cadres.

It would be an error to dismiss this whole affair—which, besides the street activities, has included transport and communications boycotts, governmental acts, innumerable mass meetings, and enormous media support—as "just a Communist plot." It would be a weightier error to conclude that the Communists had no hand in it or that it was unrelated to Communist strategy. Lenin taught that Communists cannot manufacture a revolution, strike, or other mass movement out of their own heads, but that they must seek to give political direction and if possible gain leadership when conditions stir the masses toward action.

From the beginning of September the propaganda apparatus of Communist parties and governments plugged away at the Spanish trials of accused terrorists. Against a background of rising mass response, it was Communists, acting through the French and Italian labor federations that they control, who first made the proposal for mass demonstrations. On September 25 the Communist parties of the 28 nations *of East and West Europe* issued a joint declaration of support for the anti-Franco action. (I do not recall any precedent for this all-European Communist directive which, among other things, obviously required the closest sort of political, administrative, and technical liaison.) Communists were in the forefront of the demonstrations.

Two, Three, Many Finlands

For the Communists, this episode has constituted a field exercise on a geographic and human scale unprecedented in the Western world. It has given the Communist cadres advanced training in the manipulation not only of mass opinion but of mass actions in an all-European—in lesser degree, global—theater. The bridging of the East Europe/West Europe gap has, for the Communists, a very special significance. It takes only a minor imaginative leap to visualize comparable transnational mass actions paralyzing West European response to a war crisis.

The Communists had precise and weighty strategic objectives beyond the revolutionary training of the cadres. First and primarily, this whole anti-Franco campaign that started months ago is a diversionary operation in support of the Communist drive to seize power in Portugal. The reality of Cunhal and the catastrophic consequences for Europe threatened by a Communist victory in Portugal are blurred by the nostalgic anti-Franco ghost dance; through the symbolic reprise of the Spanish civil war, the attention, energy, and moral force of Western Europe are being diverted from any serious attempt to block the enemy on the Left.

The wider aim that Communist conquest of Portugal would decisively serve is in the Finlandization of Western Europe. This is the primary strategic objective of current Soviet and Communist policy. The 28 East and West European nations whose Communist parties signed the September 25 declaration are the same nations whose official heads of government signed the Helsinki Declaration in July: except, in accordance with the strategic logic of Finlandization, for the absence of the United States and Canada.

Postscript: In several of the larger European cities, particularly Paris and Rome, the demonstrations of September 25 and their aftermath included much destructive violence. In most capital cities, attempts were made with varying degrees of success to wreck Spanish embassies and offices. In Rome, Spanish touring buses of Holy Year pilgrims were burned. In Paris and also in Rome the wreckers (*casseurs*—smashers—the French call them) branched out. Along and near the Champs-Elysées they burned or smashed scores of cars they found at hand and 128 of the large glass windows common on the fronts of offices, restaurants, and hotels in that area.

According to the police, most of these smashers are young persons operating in squads of ten or 15 with tactics that indicate training in urban guerrilla methods. They wore masks, leather jackets, and motorcycle-type headgear. They carried heavy metal stakes and Molotov cocktails; the police say many of them have substantial caches of guns. No one is quite sure what these gangs amount to. Some seem to be vandals for vandalism's sake. (For weekend amusement, some take to their cars or motorcycles and force drivers into bloody accidents.) Others, in language like that used by the Japanese Red Army and the German Baader-Meinhof gang, ideologize their wrecking along neo-Marxist and nihilist lines. Although the Communist Party and most of the Trotskyist and Maoist groups officially disavow them, the Communists are known to be funneling money and arms to some of them, as to the better known terrorist groups, on the theory that anybody that helps wreck capitalism can't be all bad. These smashers are a rather ugly feature of the current European scene. □

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THE 1930s REVISITED

"Yes, why do we all, seeing a Communist, feel small?" wrote Cecil Day Lewis in 1934. The answers throw frightening new light on the literary Thirties, as on our own time

Were the Intellectuals Duped?

GEORGE WATSON

Introduction by Jeffrey Hart—

The conventional view has it that the well-known intellectuals who supported the Stalinist position during the decade prior to World War II did so because they were duped. They did not know about the Terror or the extermination camps in the USSR. They were taken in by the humanitarian rhetoric of the Communist Party, but when they learned the truth they got off the train.

In this momentous article, which we are reprinting from the British magazine Encounter, *George Watson demolishes that easy view. He asks the key question: Just what did people like Auden, Isherwood, C. Day Lewis, Brecht, MacNeice, G. D. H. Cole, and John Strachey know about Communism?*

His answer is chilling: "The published evidence alone demonstrates that many Western intellectuals in the age of Stalin did believe in extermination, in the sense of wanting it to happen."

Watson notes that the first extermination camps in Russia were set up in January 1918 by a decree of Lenin, and that the existence of the Soviet camps was widely reported almost immediately. His citations from the poets and novelists leave little doubt about the issue either. In Forward from Liberalism *(1937) Stephen Spender praised the Terror and spoke of a "ruthless force from which a new and juster order might emerge." In his famous poem "Spain 1937," Auden spoke of the "necessary murder." André Gide objected to Stalin because he was not brutal enough.*

These intellectuals, concludes Watson, did not merely excuse violence when it happened, they clamored that it should. They liked it, and asked for more.

He suggests a number of explanations for this emotional attraction to violence, among them the fact that to many people violence seemed the mark of the authentic, the sincere. We see the same sort of thing today in the admiration of bookish campus types for figures like Guevara or Mao, Fanon or Castro.

Watson's conclusion is well worth remembering: "Between 1933 and 1939 many (and perhaps most) British intellectuals under the age of fifty . . . knowingly supported the greatest act of mass murder in human history." The implications for the present, the age of the adulation of Mao Tse-tung, are plain.

MANY NOW THINK of the literary Thirties as an age of dupes. It is widely asserted, and even more widely assumed, that the fashionable intellectual Marxism of those days was based on an honest misapprehension of what Stalin stood for. Poets and novelists in England, France, and elsewhere were, in the common view, easy victims of the Soviet propaganda machine: being idealists at heart, they simply did not know that extermination had been an essential element in Soviet policy since Lenin's time. And then (to pursue the same conventional view to the end) they discovered with the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of 1939 that Stalin was not kindly at all, and they gave up Communism.

The myth takes a variety of forms: that intellectuals, being skilled at duping themselves, willed themselves into believing the Soviet Union a paradise; that Englishmen, at least, and especially young Englishmen who had recently been to good schools and Oxford or Cambridge, *cannot* knowingly have supported the extermination of millions; that if they appeared to do so, in certain isolated utterances, that is merely because they did not understand the real meaning of what they were saying; that most were fellow travelers —in any case, not Party members— and therefore not totally committed to the cause; and that (as a last-ditch argument) nobody listens, politically speaking, to such people anyway, to the creative artist things being permitted now and forever more.

These are enviable certainties, but the documentary evidence does not

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support any of them. Perhaps the problem of the fellow traveler can be cleared out of the way at once. It is an historical misunderstanding to suppose that his commitment was necessarily weaker than that of the Party member—and here I speak of commitment to the Party and its leadership, and not just to the ideology of Marxism. Mr. David Caute, in his recent study *The Fellow Travelers* (1973), rightly dismisses what he calls, in this context, "the fetish of the Party card." I remember the novelist Howard Fast, shortly after his resignation from the American Communist Party because of the 1956 invasion of Hungary, remarking that New York fellow travelers often called him a traitor and cut him dead, while some Party members still telephoned him to ask how he was getting on.

But Mr. Caute calls the fellow traveler's disillusionment with the West "less radical, less total, less uncompromising" than that of the Party member: he always retained, in this view, a partial faith in the possibility of progress under a parliamentary system. No doubt there were such people. But I do not believe this will serve as a general description of the intellectuals in the mid- and late Thirties. Perhaps it is based on the easy assumption that, since such men returned to the parliamentary faith during and after the War, they can never have given it up. I think they did give it up—totally.

I do not believe in the myth of the Stalinist dupe. As myths go, it is surprising to the point of implausibility. After all, intellectuals are often in favor of violence. The hero of the New Left in the 1960s, Che Guevara, was often depicted as a man with a gun in his hand. Not all those who hung that poster on their walls, it is true, knew the gun was for use against what was then one of the few reforming parliamentary governments in Latin America. But if they had known, how many of them would have cared? Reform, after all, is the enemy of revolution, and for many intellectuals the gun confers heroism. It is an ancient Marxist precept that in politics the frivolous just talk while the serious take up arms. "There is only one means," Marx wrote in 1848, "of shortening, simplifying, concentrating the murderous death-pangs of the old society and the bloody birth-pangs of the new, only one means —revolutionary terror." All that is clamorously reiterated in the works of the Master and echoed *ad tedium* in the public utterances of Lenin, Stalin, and Mao. To suppose that any studious observer could ever have been attracted to Communism as a doctrine without knowing about this is to fantasize in a void.

Still (as someone always says at this point), there is violence and violence, and all states use it sometimes, and everybody but the extreme pacifist supports some of it sometimes . . . Yes, all that is true. But not everybody thinks violence heroic. And not everybody is in favor of killing people by the hundreds or thousands or millions. Only hypocrisy can smudge distinctions like these: they exist and they matter. To talk of the Communist or Fascist intellectual *believing* in violence is to use the verb in its intensive sense. It is not like a child believing in ghosts, and it is not like accepting a disagreeable necessity with decent reluctance. It is a belief proclaimed: it is almost a boast.

Above all, the issue of scale is vital. There is violence against oppressive (and especially totalitarian) authority, and many would be ashamed to condemn that; there is violence by an oppressed minority, somewhere in the middle of the spectrum; and there is violence by governments, such as Stalin's or Hitler's, on a mass scale. It is with this last—with belief in extermination—that I am here concerned.

The published evidence alone demonstrates that many Western intellectuals in the age of Stalin did believe in extermination, in the sense of wanting it to happen. But the evidence needs to be sorted out.

COULD THEY have been ignorant of Soviet exterminations?

Concentration camps are, of course, older than the Soviet Union. But the first extermination camps in Russia, and perhaps in human history, were set up by a decree of Lenin in January 1918, three months after the October Revolution; in 1936 the process received a new and frightening impulse as Stalin's purge reached its climax. The general brutality of the Leninist regime was noticed and reported almost at once; what is more, the existence of extermination camps in the USSR was reported in English books at least as early as 1931, before the literary vogue for Communism had begun.

Bertrand Russell visited Russia in May and June 1920, and *The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism*, a book written by one who had come to believe Communism "necessary to the world," appeared before the year was out. It called Lenin's way "rough and dangerous," and his government one of "evil men." Russell is writing here about Lenin and Trotsky, not Stalin. As for their slogan "the dictatorship of the proletariat," Russell wrote, "when a Russian Communist speaks of dictatorship, he means the word literally."

IN 1931 the Anti-Slavery Society in London sponsored and published a *Report on Russian Timber Camps* by Sir Alan Pim and Edward Bateson, which was extensively quoted in the same year by Katharine, Duchess of Atholl, in *The Conscription of a People*, including photographs of Soviet camps. These revelations led to a heated public campaign to boycott Russian timber. The *New Statesman* (January 23, 1932) dismissed the demand as anti-Communist fever. Phrases like "the produce of convict labor" (*Times*) or "the slave-manned forests of Russia" (*Morning Post*)—so the *New Statesman* assured its readers years before the Popular Front began—are "grotesque distortions of the truth."

Not even all Marxists accepted the *New Statesman*'s defense of the Soviet penal system. In the same year John Middleton Murry, arguing in *The Necessity of Communism* in favor of Marx but against Lenin, indignantly quoted the report of a recent conference of prison authorities in the Soviet Union, where a Commissar of Justice repudiated "attempts to reform class enemies" as a political error:

> Such prisoners must be used to Socialist purposes, but warders must abandon the practice of regarding them as individuals. They must be regarded collectively as an alien mass.

And Murry draws the plain conclusion. The ordinary criminal, in the Soviet system, may hope for release; but "the man who happens to hold heretical views concerning the Russian-Marxian

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Day Lewis knew that his adherence required breaking the ordinary moral rules, repressing deviations, and shooting people who commit petty theft

dogma is deliberately to be treated as a mere beast of burden, worked to death, and exterminated."

Not everybody reads everything, admittedly. But it is surely obvious that long before the Spanish Civil War began and before the pro-Stalinist intellectual hysteria reached its climax in 1936-1938, the blunter facts of the Soviet system were freely available in English books. "The entire British intelligentsia has been to Russia this summer," wrote *New Statesman* editor Kingsley Martin hyperbolically in 1932.

A more monumental instance is still to come. Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, in a recent footnote of characteristic acerbity, has called Sidney and Beatrice Webb's *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?* (1935) "the most preposterous book ever written about Soviet Russia." There, one is tempted to feel, he has forgotten Hewlett Johnson's *The Socialist Sixth of the World* (1939), which overlooked altogether the labor camps. The Webbs, by contrast, offer extensive documentation on the subject. In Chapter VII (entitled "The Liquidation of the Landlord and the Capitalist") they describe in detail the practice of "forcibly deporting kulaks and other recalcitrant peasants . . . to concentration camps or special industrial depots where they could be set to hard labor in return for a bare subsistence." The Webbs largely defend the OGPU, without which, as they convincingly argue, there would be no Soviet state; and they praise its prisons in a section called "The Constructive Work of the OGPU." Their argument is simple. It is a capital offense in the Soviet Union to work against the government, and so it should be. "In Russia the greatest crime is that against the State." In the second edition of their book—in 1937, when the question-mark was removed from the title—a new entry on "Concentration camps" was added to the index for the greater convenience of Soviet admirers.

The Webbs were in love with efficiency. But poets could agree with them. Many of the details in Stephen Spender's *Forward from Liberalism* (1937) were avowedly based on their book. Spender did not mention Stalin till a few pages from the end of *Forward from Liberalism*, and then favorably. He knew of the Red Terror, though, and supported it: "If there had been no Red Terror, it is difficult to see what order would ever have grown out of the chaos of postwar Russia." Mistakes may have been made, Spender conceded, but in general Soviet policy had been one of "unavoidable necessity."

DID THE intellectuals advocate violence? The answer, again, is plainly Yes. They did not merely excuse it when it happened, they clamored that it should. Brecht's *Die Massnahme*, first performed in Berlin in December 1930, tells of three comrades on a mission to China who kill a fourth who has endangered the cause. It is the Communist's duty, so the play concludes, to forget one's rights as an individual and to see the historic justice of murder:

Who are you?
Sink into the dirt.
Embrace the butcher, but
Change the world. It needs it.

Hugh MacDiarmid's "First Hymn to Lenin," which first appeared in Lascelles Abercrombie's *New English Poems* in 1931 as "To Lenin," makes the same brutal point. (Perhaps rashly, I translate it unaided from the Lallans.)

As necessary and insignificant as death
With all its cruelties in the cosmos still
The Cheka's horrors are in their degree,
And will end sooner. What matters it
whom we kill
To lessen that foulest murder that
deprives
Most folk of real lives?

"What matters it whom we kill?" Even the Nazis showed some discrimination in that matter. But in the world of the Marxist intellectual, even to allow oneself the private luxury of choosing one's victims may be a false delicacy. When you join you do what you are told, however nasty. Revolution is not a game, as C. Day Lewis put it in the same anthology, in his "Letter to a Young Revolutionary," "with both sides keeping the rules and the winner jumping the net to shake hands with the loser; not even in England." Besides, Communism was working righteously against one of the deepest of all human instincts, the desire to possess: "Even in Russia, where they know they'll get shot for it, people take the risk in order to transfer a shilling's worth of public property to a private hoard." So as early as 1933 Day Lewis knew that his adherence required breaking the ordinary moral rules, repressing deviations, and shooting people who commit petty theft.

So much for the myth that the Thirties poets were idealistic young men just down from Oxford who didn't know what they were getting into.

"*Only/Submit to the visiting angel, the strange new healer,*" as Lewis wrote in a poem he contributed to *New Country*. That angel had a sword, and it demanded submission as the price of victory.

The most curious case of all is that of André Gide who (as the world now accepts it) returned from a visit to the Soviet Union in 1936 in a state of high-minded disillusion. That just shows how little his *Retour de l'URSS* is now read. The truth is that Gide objected to Stalin because he was not brutal enough. Stalin was a backslider from Marxism, "a divergence from the first ideal" of the Revolution. Out of a natural fear of Germany he has allowed a "progressive restoration of the family, of private property, of inheritance," in order to encourage the citizen "to feel that he has some personal possessions to defend." The epigraph to the *Retour* recounts in exquisitely literary French the Homeric story of Demeter who, disguised as a wet-nurse, placed the infant Demophoön naked on fiery embers, "in apparent cruelty, though in reality moved by great love," to turn him into a god, until the child is rescued by an indignant mother. How is it possible to read this little allegory except as a demand by Gide that the Soviet people should be returned to the flames of revolution? The child "endures the fiery charcoal; he gathers strength from the ordeal. Something superhuman is fostered in him, strong and beyond all hope glorious" before the revolutionary process is interrupted. Gide seems to have visited Russia a few months too

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soon. In fact Stalin was already stoking that fiery furnace in 1936.

The intellectuals did not merely accept violence: they liked it and asked for more. And they got more. Nobody was having the wool pulled over his eyes. They venerated the Communist just because he did not cultivate delicacy or tell lies.

WHY DID THEY revere violence? George Orwell's *Inside the Whale* (1940), which is still the best critique of the literary Thirities, gives an answer to this question which is perhaps too simple to convince altogether. Orwell argued there that poets supported the idea of violence because, in their innocence, they did not know what real violence is like. Auden's poem "Spain 1937" (Orwell remarks scornfully) could only have been written "by a person to whom murder is at most a word."

Today the deliberate increase
in the chances of death,
The conscious acceptance of guilt
in the necessary murder . . .

And Orwell attacks the literary Marxists with a jibe that has since become justly famous: "So much of leftwing thought is a kind of playing with fire by people who don't even know that fire is hot." This is a very uncharacteristic passage: Orwell was not much given to the easy out, least of all for his enemies. I half suspect him of showing off here, as he sometimes does elsewhere. He loves to present himself as the man who has been through it all himself, and he may be seeking an argumentative advantage, as an ex-policeman and ex-soldier, over the kind of writers who spent the Spanish Civil War at cocktail parties or well behind the front.

Furthermore, Orwell is probably convinced, as an Etonian of that era might well be convinced, that that sort of person doesn't do that sort of thing. A generation that has studied the careers of Burgess, Maclean, and Philby is less likely to take this easy view. It is true that we still do not know that murder was committed, or even planned, within the circles that Orwell makes fun of. But the harsh noises, from *Massnahme* (1930) to Spender's *Trial of a Judge* (1938), do not make it unlikely. History was calling upon man for a blood-sacrifice. Until murder is done, he will feel immature. "Yes, why do we all, seeing a Communist, feel small?" wrote Day Lewis in 1934.

Day Lewis' party membership seems to have been confined to 1935-1938. In his autobiography, *The Buried Day* (1960), which is an honest book, he deplored his early achievements as "a too quick crop, facile and superficial," but does not deny what they were. And what they were was the most cynical form that youthful idealism can take:

It is the logic of our times,
No subject for immortal verse—
That we who live by honest dreams
Defend the bad against the worse

he wrote in 1940, in the autumn of his Marxist faith. Joining the side of a Marx-personified "history," finding comradeship, marching in step—these are the publicly declared reasons why intellectuals in the Thirties revered violence. Bertrand Russell was the first, but far from the last, to notice that the team spirit of Socialism and of English public schools might be seen as one and the same.

When did they join and leave Communism?

They did not leave, at all events, because they discovered what it was. Nor did they claim, at the time, to have been duped. Koestler, in *The Invisible Writing* (1954), tells in impressive detail how he lost his Communist faith in a Spanish prison in 1937 and resigned from the Party in the following year—by virtue, apparently, of thinking about it at great length at the window of his cell. There he slowly came to see that reality was more complicated than he had thought.

Deciding it is all more complicated than one had thought is definitely the note to strike here. The retreat from Moscow was a retreat from simplicity, from the black-and-white dogma of class war. If a general answer must be made, this is the best general answer. In one's early thirties, often enough, the simpler solutions of one's twenties cease to look true or sufficient.

The arrival date is somewhere in the very early 1930s: Louis MacNeice, in his autobiography, *The Strings Are False* (1965), puts his own attraction to Communism at around the time of *New Signatures* (1932). So it was not caused by the triumph of Hitler in January 1933. Middleton Murry declared himself "finally and for ever a Communist" early in 1932, though he then belonged to the Independent Labor Party, not to the Communist Party. Art and literature, he had resolved, could only be "superficial and trivial" until revolution had happened. The collapse of the Labor-Liberal coalition in 1931, the Labor split, the international economic collapse that attended these events in 1930-1932—all these are more likely to have provided an impulse to intellectual Communism than an event men utterly failed to predict: the rise and consolidation of Nazi power. The date of departure is always within the narrow limits of 1937 and 1940, and the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of August 1939 is late in that process, and often too late to count. Day Lewis, in the last chapter of *The Buried Day*, tells how he left Communism after a successful speech against Fascism in the Queen's Hall in 1937: "I did not, for some time yet, abandon my political beliefs," however; and even when he moved to Devon in August 1938 "I felt no antipathy yet for Communist theory, and not much for Communist practice." The Dedicatory Stanzas to Stephen Spender, written during the Phony War of 1939-1940 and prefixed to his version of Vergil's *Georgics* (1940), strike a valedictory note:

Spain was a death to us, Munich a mourning.
No wonder then if, like the pelican,
We have turned inward for our iron ration,
Tapping the vein and sole reserve of passion,
Drawing from poetry's capital what we can.

The movement from active anti-Fascism after the fall of Prague in March 1939 may have been hastened by the realization that the great majority of Englishmen and (worse still) an

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The literary evidence suggests that poets and novelists in that age were attracted to the most violent system on earth because it was just that

establishment of bureaucrats and bishops had suddenly joined the side. The cozy group had ceased to be cozy. "Yes, we shall fight, but . . ." Day Lewis' poem goes on: don't think we're in it for the same reason as the rest of you.

The year 1939 is surely the most crucial of all in focusing the gradual phenomenon of a loss of faith. In March, Prague fell to Hitler and Madrid to Franco; Catalonia had fallen weeks before; in August, Stalin and Hitler publicly concluded an alliance which privately included a partition of Poland that followed within a month. These were all events that Communists had loudly proclaimed could not and would not happen. They shook the plausibility, if not of Marxism itself, at least of the Communist Party. The Popular Front was dead.

On the other hand, the literary evidence does not suggest that Marxist intellectuals ceased to be Marxist as early as 1939: only that they ceased, then or earlier, to believe in the Communist Party. Day Lewis' Dedicatory Stanzas to the *Georgics* of 1940 suggest a loss of purpose rather than a loss of dogmatic faith. Auden's contribution to the symposium *I Believe*, which first appeared in New York in August 1939, is a revision of an article that had appeared in *The Nation* of December 1938. The implications of Spender's account in *World within World* (1951) may have to be reconsidered. In 1937, as Spender wrote years later, Auden "had offered his services in Spain as a stretcher bearer in an ambulance unit. Yet he returned home after a very short visit of which he never spoke. But as a result of this visit he wrote . . . 'Spain.'" Well, "Spain" is about "necessary murder," among other things.

Auden, who was in Spain from January to March 1937, also wrote an enthusiastic article for the *New Statesman* (January 30, 1937) called "Impressions of Valencia," composed on the spot:

> For a revolution is really taking place, not an odd shuffle or two in cabinet appointments. In the last six months these people have been learning what it is to inherit their own country, and once a man has tasted freedom he will not lightly give it up. . . . That is why, only eight hours away at the gates of Madrid where this wish to live has no possible alternative expression than the power to kill, General Franco has already lost two professional armies and is in the process of losing a third.

And when, two years later, Auden wrote and revised his "Morality in an Age of Change" for *I Believe*, he concluded that different political parties should be allowed to exist, but "I cannot see how a socialist country could tolerate the existence of a Fascist Party." In some ages politics should be left to the professionals, he wrote in December 1938:

> But ours is not such an age. . . . Democracy, liberty, justice, and reason are being seriously threatened and, in many parts of the world, destroyed. It is the duty of every one of us, not only to ourselves but to future generations of men, to have a clear understanding of what we mean when we use these words, and to defend what we believe to be right, if necessary, at the cost of our lives.

Early in 1939 the last sentence is revised, but not weakened:

> . . . to defend what we believe to be right, perhaps even at the cost of our lives and those of others.

Spender denies Auden ever had "a Communist phase"; he merely "had a firmer grasp of Marxist ideology, and more capacity to put this into good verse" than many writers who were Communists. This is now an established convention of our literary history. David Caute echoes it: "Auden was not really ever a fellow traveler." If the legend of Auden's political detachment, or semi-detachment, were not so strong, it would seem natural to read more than one of his poems of the mid-Thirties as partisan tracts for the time. Consider this from *Look, Stranger!* (1936):

> *Those who in every country town*
> *For centuries have done you down,*
> *But you shall see them tumble down,*
> *Both horse and rider.*

Is it not merely over-ingenious to doubt that any reader of 1936 would read this poem, "Brothers, who when the sirens roar," as a plain call for a worker-revolution? That does not make the poet the member of any political party. But it does not make him a neutral or detached figure either. The conventional view, however, is readily accepted by Professor Monroe K. Spears in *The Poetry of Auden* (1963), who sees these interests in the Thirties as only the mildest and briefest of flirtations: "They [the poets] were, of course, ignorant of what was really going on in Russia. . . . But when they encountered Communist methods in Spain they were shocked." If Auden was shocked by what he saw in Spain in 1937, he signally failed to say so: indeed he publicly said the reverse. I believe Spears's version of these events (which is designed to make an impressive case for the late, conservative Auden he admires) is comfortable rather than true. Much of it is based on Spender's *World within World* and on an Auden article written as late as 1955, in *Griffin*, where the poet offered a belated retrospect of his early views:

> Looking back, it seems to me that the interest in Marx by myself and my friends . . . was more psychological than political; we were interested in Marx in the same way that we were interested in Freud, as a technique of unmasking middle class ideologies, not with the intention of repudiating our class, but with the hope of becoming better bourgeois.

The world of 1938-1939, where a man has a moral duty to defend what he believes at all costs, has been efficiently suppressed by 1955. I see no reason to doubt the honesty of either view. But it would be a mistake to let men write their own intellectual histories without verifying them by the historian's recourse to documents. The evidence is that all the poets mentioned here were political activists in the years 1936-1938, and that they publicly urged the same duty upon others. The myth of poetic detachment will not wash.

MARXIST intellectuals in the Thirties were plainly "sincere," in the sense of being direct and outspoken, in their demand for the "necessary" violence of Communist revolution. But violence is sincere in another sense of the word. It makes a man real. Before he has

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committed it he does not altogether exist or believe. Just as some Christians have held that a man should be ready to die for his faith, so the Marxist believes a man must be ready to kill for it. Then he becomes himself.

THE STEPS to climb toward this ultimate conviction, with its climax in the years 1936-1938, were largely built for British intellectuals long before the Spanish Civil War began. They were there in the early years of the century, in the writings of such Victorian survivors as Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. The steps can be listed in formal order.

1. *Liberalism is dead,* as an historic fact. It has given place to class war. And since Marx predicted class war, he may be right about other matters too. There are only two sides, from this moment in history, and he who is not for us is against us. This is how Kingsley Martin justified his rejection of Orwell's articles attacking the Communist role in the Spanish Republic in 1937; and it helps to explain why *Homage to Catalonia,* in the following year, was so coolly received by the *New Statesman* reviewer, V. S. Pritchett (April 30, 1938): Orwell is "wrong-headed" and "perverse," given that Soviet support in Spain is indispensable, and Orwell is just "kicking against the pricks." Choose or be damned.

2. *Communism was fashion,* and there are always those who would rather be Red than dead, in the fashionable sense of the term. Some men choose politics as women choose hats. Russia in politics (as Mr. Michael Ayrton has confessed recently about his adolescence in the Thirties) meant what Picasso meant in art: "Both, we believed, were bastions of the avant-garde, to be accepted and supported regardless." Regardless of pretty much anything at all, for some. The admission is frank enough to be creditable.

3. *Communism will make a man of you.* It is not just (as Louis MacNeice confessed years later, in *The Strings Are False*) that most of us have a violent streak that seeks its own justification ("I wanted to smash the aquarium"). It is more like the deliberate suppression of adolescence in an act of obedience, "embracing the butcher" (Brecht's *Umarme den Schlächter*). "The strong appeal of the Communist Party," MacNeice wrote, "was that it demanded sacrifice; you had to sink your ego." And the deeper it sank, the better.

4. *Communism gets things done.* While gradualists talk, Stalin is creating something. He goes the whole hog. "Much better to be ruled by Stalin," wrote G. D. H. Cole in his *Russia and the Future* (1942), "than by a pack of half-witted and half-hearted social democrats." Violence happens under socialism, but in a cause that counts, and omelettes are made only of broken eggs. By the mid-Thirties this is the essence of the Popular Front case for accepting Stalin's leadership. Millions of lives had ceased to matter much.

5. *The individual no longer exists.* It is Party obedience that matters. More than one Communist, in the Thirties, echoes with new enthusiasm Bertrand Russell's forebodings about the blend of Marxism with the team spirit of our British public schools. Mr. Maurice Dobb, after several visits to the Soviet Union, commended the "tradition and discipline" of the Party as seen in government. "A new race of men," he wrote warmly in his *Russia Today and Tomorrow* (1930), "disciplined by the machine and by labor, sometimes crude and always ruthless, but having vision and devotion." This is not a matter for equivocation. The individual loses himself in obedience, as an act of faith, and performs any act that is required of him.

6. *Violence is naive, simple, authentic.* Often, as one reads the literature of the Thirties, one is reminded of Wordsworth, granting only that the Worker has by now imaginatively replaced the romantic wayfarer, peasant, or child. Gide noted in his journal (March 1935) how for many a bourgeois like himself, who had never had to work for a living, it was impossible not to feel inferior in the presence of "a simple workman." The bourgeois feels small. Orwell, who was all the better at exposing this romanticism because he was, in some sense, himself a victim of it, put it all unforgettably in the opening paragraphs of *Homage to Catalonia,* describing a young Italian volunteer to the Spanish Republic:

> Something in his face deeply moved me. It was the face of a man who would commit murder and throw away his life for a friend. . . . There were both candor and ferocity in it; also the pathetic reverence that illiterate people have for their supposed superiors.

This romantic phenomenon is among the deepest emotions in the Thirties. Isherwood, a few years before, had seen the same vision in the Berlin of 1931, at a Communist meeting, and in *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* (1935) he describes the excitement he took from the faces of a German worker-audience:

> They were listening to their own collective voice. At intervals they applauded it, with sudden, spontaneous violence. Their passion, their strength of purpose elated me. I stood outside it. One day, perhaps, I should be with it, but never of it.

7. *Marxism means violence.* Extermination seemed to the Thirties plainly required by Marxist doctrine. It is not just something you will do if it proves necessary. You know it will prove necessary. The bourgeoisie, during and after the Revolution, will have to be eliminated. Some may be successfully re-educated; some may prove genuine revolutionaries themselves. But the fate of the millions who would remain was not really in doubt. The literature of the Thirties can be outspoken about this, unlike Marxist apologetics of the last twenty years. John Strachey, in *The Theory and Practice of Socialism* (1936), accepted that the coming eradication of the middle class can only be violent:

> We predict that, unfortunately, the process of that abolition will be accompanied by the same violence which

(Continues on page 1255)

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A DIALOGUE

Coalition in Italy?

Can Italy survive if she doesn't let Communists into the government? asks Ernest van den Haag. Can she survive if she does? counters Clare Boothe Luce

1. The Case for It

DESPITE SOME SIGNS of intermediate recovery, Italy is still falling apart. Near bankruptcy now, it soon may be internationally insolvent. Domestically it suffers from a pervasive absence of labor discipline and an equally pervasive presence of bureaucratic corruption. Government and industry are vastly overstaffed; neither is allowed to be efficient, and productivity is steadily declining. Any government that tries to increase it faces union resistance and its own removal. Governments must continue to inflate, for people are unwilling to work more or to consume less. The Christian Democrats, who first led Italy to economic prosperity and then allowed it to slip into cumulative disaster, are often intelligent and capable, but by now impotent. They can administer but no longer govern.

In the long run it is impossible to save Italy from bankruptcy without Communist help. The Party represents more than one-fourth of the Italian voters. But its influence in the labor unions, which are indispensable if Italy's production is to rise to meet its consumption, is far greater. The Communist price is acceptance in the government. They are feared for two basic reasons.

1. They are Russian, not Italian, patriots and will therefore insist on an anti-NATO, anti-American foreign policy. But Italy is in no position to conduct such a policy, and the Communists know it. They do not demand it. Some cosmetic adjustments would satisfy them. Indeed, though Russian influence remains, it has become progressively less decisive. Moscow is now a matter more of tradition than of organization.

2. The Communists will make Italy into a totalitarian country. No doubt they would like to. But they are far too realistic to try now. They are not strong enough. Major institutions—the army, the police, the Church—which have not been significantly infiltrated would make a takeover impossible. (Unlike Czechoslovakia, Italy does not border on Russia or its satellites.) Stalin was able to make foreign Communist Parties forsake their own power and prestige in favor of expanding and securing his power. Russian foreign policy has not changed but it is now more cautiously pursued: there is no monolithic world Communist movement that can be used as an instrument, nor can the Italian Communist Party be so used.

In some ways the Italian situation is the reverse of the Portuguese. In Portugal, Communists have little popular strength but predominate because they are strong within the ruling military councils. In Italy the military does not govern, and anyway, it is quite anti-Communist. On the other hand, the Communists have electoral strength.

Having Communist ministers means putting the fox in partial charge of the chicken coop. But only irrational foxes kill all the chickens at once. The Communists will try to eat a few every year—as do the other parties. They are more feared because they are more effective, united, and free of corruption than the government parties. Chances are that they will become less so once in the government. At least in relative terms, the Christian Democrats may become more so. Needless to say, the Communists should be given neither military ministries nor the ministry of the interior, which is responsible for domestic security. They are willing to accept less.

Taking a Chance

It is a gamble. Communists will gain some respectability and some power. But that is a burden as well as an advantage. They will lose some (ideological) prestige and (obstructive) power as well. They will also become domesticated, if not housebroken. The risk must be taken. The Communists won't melt away, and outside the government they are likely to do more damage and wield as much power as within it. Let's face it: only the bargaining remains.

There was a time when a coalition including Communists meant a Russian takeover. In some parts of the world it still does, and under some circumstances it always does; but this is no longer uniformly so. Therefore, a blind *a priori* rejection is no longer adequate.

Mr. van den Haag studied at, inter alia, the universities of Florence and Naples.

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We must carefully weigh in each individual case the danger, the advantages, the disadvantages, the alternatives. In Italy much can be said for including the Communists in a cabinet led by the Christian Democratic Party. The situation is quite different from that in France, where the Communists could come to power only as equal partners with the Socialists, and where, moreover, there is no need to include them. □

—ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

2. The Case against It

ITALY, Mr. van den Haag tells us, is "falling apart." So what's new on the Rialto?

Italy has been falling apart, off and on, but mostly on, for 2,500 years. Republican Rome fell apart in 31 B.C. Imperial Rome fell apart in A.D. 476. The Holy Roman Empire fell apart in 1806. The Italian pieces, gradually forming themselves into city-states, fought for centuries with one another and with foreign principalities which, again and again, sought to conquer their peninsula. But if the task of uniting and governing Italy defeated Italians, it also defeated all their would-be conquerors, including the last and greatest: Napoleon.

By 1814, the city-states having also fallen apart, Prince Metternich could scornfully say, "Italy is only a geographical expression." But fifty years later, the miracle happened, and Italy became a modern state, united under one government. In 1861, the "geographical expression" found a coherent political expression, at long last, in the limited, parliamentary monarchy of Victor Emmanuel II.

This event is commemorated by the monument to Victor Emmanuel in Rome. It is the largest monument in the Western world. But it is not too big at that, when one considers that it symbolizes a feat that took 1,400 years of turmoil and bloodshed to achieve—getting a majority of Italians to agree on how, and only sixty years later by whom, they would be governed.

Unhappily, the new Italian state also began to fall apart in the postwar European depression of the Twenties. Italy's participation on the side of the Allies had produced nothing for it but a fat crop of Italian Communists who, taking fire from the success of the Russian Revolution, were determined to destroy the House of Savoy, even as their Muscovite comrades had destroyed the House of the Romanovs. The House of Savoy was saved by Benito Mussolini, an ex-soldier and socialist from Bologna.

Choosing the *fasces* as the symbol of his intention to bind all the weak political elements in Italy into one strong national party, he introduced Italy and the world to the dubious glories of Fascism. Dictator Mussolini's brand of national socialism, his jut-jawed operatic style (*che bella voce!*), and his chauvinist posturing, were popular with the overwhelming majority of Italians. We tend to forget that he was also greatly admired in America, in the early days of our own Depression. Mussolini seemed to be that anomaly in Italy, an efficient administrator: "he made the trains run on time," and he cut down unemployment. He also seemed to be one Italian who stuck by his political convictions: he made the Communist Party illegal, and booted out Togliatti and Nenni, the Communist and left-wing Socialist leaders.

Viewed from afar, Mussolini seemed to be doing for his country what, in the Thirties, Americans wanted their government to do for them—he "got the country moving." FDR's New Dealers paid him the compliment (for which they gave him no credit) of copying some of his Fascist ideas. The National Recovery Administration and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation were closely patterned after agencies created by Mussolini's "corporate state" legislation. (Much of this legislation, by the way, was written by a young lawyer named Amintore Fanfani. The recently ousted Secretary of the Christian Democratic Party is one of the many perdurable former Fascist figures who today wear the labels Christian Democrat, Socialist, and Communist. *Autre temps, autres titres.*)

As things turned out, Italy's proclivity for falling apart was abetted, rather than halted, by Mussolini. A nineteenth century Italian political proverb has it, "You eat with the French or you eat with the Austrians, or you don't eat." Italy had eaten badly with the French and the British in World War I. So Mussolini decided to dine, in the next round, with Germany. His entrance into World War II as Hitler's partner signed not only his own doom, but that of his unhappy country. By 1943, Italy had once again fallen apart. Or more precisely, it was knocked to smithereens by the Allied armies, and its government was then torn to pieces—by U.S. foreign-policy-makers.

1943 to 1945 were years when Washington was enjoying a wartime love affair with "Good Old Joe Stalin." Washington believed that the avuncular dictator would cooperate with the U.S.A. to maintain peace and the status quo in the postwar period. Between 1941 and 1946 it was fashionable in U.S. Government circles to describe the USSR as an "economic democracy" on its way to becoming a "political democracy." So, after the Italian surrender, U.S. foreign-policy-makers in Italy were only too happy to make Stalin only too happy by repatriating all the left-wing Socialists and Communists exiled by Mussolini. All too happy themselves, Togliatti and Nenni returned from Moscow and Paris, with U.S. blessings upon them, to put their parties back into business.

Whereupon many of the more rabid Fascists hastened to become card-carrying Communists. Italians had had centuries of practice in numbly swapping sides, so their rapid conversion to Communism scandalized nobody. And Bologna, which had been known in Mussolini's heyday as the "home" of Fascism, became, almost overnight, the "home" of Communism.

A Bas les Rois

The U.S. also decided to put a contract out on the House of Savoy, tarnished by its support of Fascism. So, in 1946, under the watchful eyes of their American *Gauleiters*, Italians went to the polls to vote in a referendum on the monarchy. The monarchy—a poor thing, but Italy's own—was the *only* symbol of national unity and government legitimacy the Italians had ever known since the days of the Caesars. The monarchy lost. But an analysis of the vote clearly shows that it would have won by a comfortable majority—except for the Communist vote, and the pressure that America brought to bear for the creation of a Democracy.

So, midwifed by U.S. foreign policy,

Mrs. Luce was ambassador to Italy during the Eisenhower Administration.

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Italy in 1948 was reborn, after 2,500 years—as a Republic. It was a Republic, however, whose people were, and still are, divided into factions: Monarchist, Republican, Democratic, Democratic-Papist, Democratic-Socialist, pro-Moscow Socialist, neo-Fascist, and Communist. Considering the degree of political fragmentation that has existed from the birth of the Republic, it is not, after all, surprising that the government of Italy has been falling apart, on an average of once a year, ever since.

In the past 35 years, more than 35 Christian Democratic governments have been pasted together by dint of endless deals and merry-go-round combinations with other parties on the CD's near-right and near-left. The incubi that they all have had to sweat under are the pro-Moscow Socialist and Communist Parties, which together represent about a third of the electorate.

Christian Democratic governments survived largely for one reason: until 1969, they were staunchly supported by U.S. foreign policy, and, in turn, they staunchly supported it.

Bankruptcy Looms

Today, Mr. van den Haag tells us that Italy is "near bankruptcy" and may soon be "internationally insolvent." Nothing very new there, either. Italy is notoriously poor in natural resources. Its economic ailments have been as persistent and endemic as its political woes. Even until the Fifties, Italy was seldom ever more than a step away from "international insolvency."

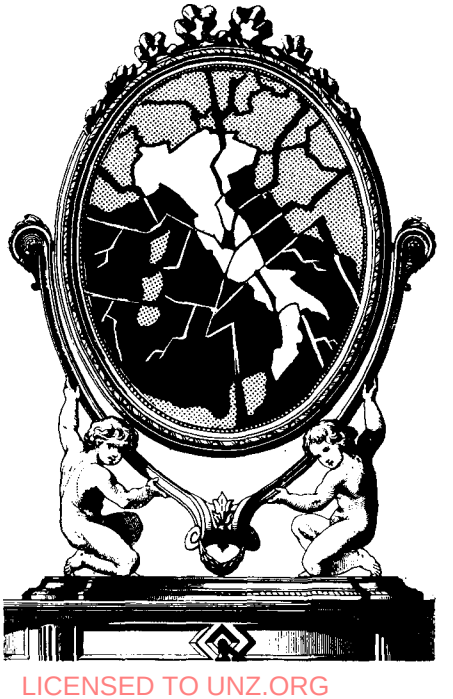
Its most profitable export throughout the nineteenth and the first part of the twentieth centuries was Italian emigrants: emigrant remittances from lands of more opportunity became (and have remained since) an important part of Italy's income. But Italy was never so completely bankrupt as it was from 1943 to 1945. It was saved in 1946, not by Communism (to which it nearly succumbed), but by Russia's opening of the cold war, which belatedly opened U.S. eyes to the realities of Russian expansionism. U.S. foreign-policy-makers saw the need to keep Italy politically in the camp of the West. Between 1946 and 1956, massive U.S. economic aid lifted Italy from the ruins of war and put it back on its economic feet. Its defeated and discredited military were dusted off, shined up, and groomed to enter NATO, a gesture which helped to restore the Italians' battered national pride. Witnessing the stunning preponderance of U.S. military power in the Forties and Fifties, Italians, happily in NATO, believed that at long, long last their country was safely on the side of a sure winner.

Despite the unremitting efforts of the Communist Party to create domestic economic and political crises, the Communists made very few electoral gains during the period of U.S. cold war policies. An anti-Communist U.S. foreign policy and a pro-U.S. Italian foreign policy permitted the Christian Democrats to stabilize Italy's inherent political instability.

Beginning in the Fifties, for the first time in its history, Italy began to prosper. Tourism, growing by leaps and bounds, and handsome remittances from prosperous citizens of Italian origin abroad swelled its income. U.S. and other foreign investments, and trade with the U.S. and the rest of the world, increased at an astounding pace. Italy's rate of growth in the Sixties was among the highest in Europe.

Today, Italy is suffering the same oil-embargo-triggered economic setback as all the countries dependent on OPEC oil. Even so, the *majority* of the Italian people are incredibly better off than they have ever been in their entire national history.

It is against this background that one must dispute Mr. van den Haag's thesis that Italy is "falling apart" because it is "going bankrupt." Italy is going bankrupt because it is falling apart politically. And the reason—aside from Italy's congenital political tendency to fall apart—is that once again, as in 1943, U.S. foreign policy is strengthening the disruptive forces of Communism in Italy.



Consequences of Detente

The U.S. policy of one-way detente with Moscow has made Communism a permissible and, to many Italians, even a desirable alternative to the confusion and chaos of an endless succession of weak, wheeler-dealer Christian Democratic governments. Communism offers the promise of order—something Italians have not known since the days of the monarchy. At all times, in all places, a people faced with the threat of anarchy has chosen order, even at the sacrifice of liberty, since without order, liberty tends to become license and to breed corruption. Italy is not politically weak because it is corrupt. It is politically corrupt because it is weak.*

This is not to say that economic factors are not powerful political determinants. But it is to say that ideas have more decisive consequences.

The ideas embodied in the foreign policies of superstates like the U.S.A. (and the USSR) have great, and sometimes unexpected, consequences, not only for themselves but for other nations.

Just as the U.S. idea of peaceful postwar cooperation with the USSR, combined with the idea that democracy, American style, was good for everybody, led U.S. policymakers to bring Togliatti back from Moscow and to destroy the Italian monarchy; just as the idea of the "containment of Communism" that superseded it led American policymakers to aid and encourage the Italian government to resist Communism, so the U.S. revival of "peaceful coexistence" in 1969 bolstered the fortunes of the Communists in Italy. Detente has now left the hapless Christian Democrats with no case to make to their own electorate against "peaceful cooperation" with their own Communist Party.

It figures: the Italian people now see the U.S. making massive wheat deals with Russia, and extending it loans,

*Napoleon once said to a Neopolitan signora, "*Tutti gl'Italiani sono ladroni*" (all Italians are thieves). To which she replied, "*Non tutti, ma la* buona parte" (not all, just most of them).

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credits, and technological and scientific information. They see the U.S. playing up to Mao, and even making goo-goo eyes at Castro. They see that, in Washington, anti-Communism is out, and pro-Communism is in. And they see quite clearly why all this is so: the U.S. is a declining military power, and the USSR is a growing one. So Italians are beginning to wonder whether Italy may not, once again, have chosen the losing side. (All these things are also observed by the Vatican, which is also being forced to seek a modus vivendi with Italian Communism, just as it once sought it with Italian Fascism.)

Anyone who expects the Christian Democrats to go on waging cold war against their own domestic Communists in the climate of U.S. detente expects the impossible.

To this extent Mr. van den Haag is correct when he says that the Christian Democratic Party has no choice but to take the Communists into its government.

But I take issue with Mr. van den Haag's thesis that only the Communist Party can now "save" Italy on moral, not only pragmatic, grounds. He points out—and quite correctly—that the Communist Party dominates the labor scene, and that its ceaseless strike agitation has sorely crippled Italian production. (I have seen somewhere a figure that Italy has lost more man-hours in strikes than have all the other European countries combined.) He is also right that these strikes could be stopped if the Communists so ordered. And as he points out, "The Communist price is acceptance in the government."

Whose Gamble?

By any *moral* standards, this is blackmail of the ugliest sort. It is blackmail against the people. It is something worse: willfully to destroy the economy of your country in order to gain political power is treason. Nevertheless, Mr. van den Haag views the Communist Party as not only more "united" and "effective" than the Christian Democratic Party, but freer of corruption! Stranger still, even while he is deploring the "corruption" of the government, he expresses the hope that if the Communists are taken into the government, they also may become corrupt. "Chances are they will become less [effective, united, and free of corruption] once in the government. . . . It is a gamble." And he feels that "we" (the U.S.?) must now take this gamble. Even assuming that the U.S. *still* has any choice left in the matter, the U.S. has reached a sorry pass, indeed, if all we have left to gamble on is another victory for corruption in Italy. (The revelations by Exxon officials that all the parties, including the Communist Party, have been on the take for some years suggests that the Communist Party is not quite as "free of corruption" as Mr. van den Haag supposes.)

"In the long run," writes Mr. van den Haag, "it is impossible to save Italy from bankruptcy without Communist help." In the long run, as Lord Keynes once pointed out, we are all dead. But if we continue to rely on the Communists to help save democracy, or on democracy to overcome Communism by "corrupting" it, we will all be dead —and buried by the Communists. □

—CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Firing Line Guest: Daddy Warbucks

WFB: Orphan Annie will never go hungry so long as free enterprise
Keeps her best friend healthy, wealthy, and wise—
And I don't mean Sandy.
There's hardly anything as handy
For a gutsy little girl the Forces of Evil are trying to do in
As a millionaire benefactor arriving promptly on the scene with a 12-foot djinn.
Every child should be so lucky.
And maybe they would be, if they were half so plucky.
We are honored to have tonight as our guest,
The man with the heart of gold and the diamond-studded vest . . .
Daddy Warbucks.
Warbucks: Shucks,
Mr. Buckley, I don't want any credit
For my devotion to that little red-hedit
Princess. Why, Annie has given me more joy
Than any yacht, Rolls Royce, or other expensive toy
I've owned.
If I were about to close a million-dollar deal and Annie phoned,
Saying she needed help quick,
I'd pass up the deal like a hick
The masterpiece in the attic.
And [*darkly*] God help the one who is giving her static!
WFB: Sort of a one-man Orphan's Protective League:
Harm one little hair on Annie's head, and you're in beague
Trouble.
Warbucks: I would advise double
Indemnity if he can get it.
WFB: Presumably you would track him to the end of the earth and make him regret it.
Warbucks: He better believe it.
WFB: I suppose these rescues add spice to your life and relieve it
From the monotony of acquisitory pursuits.
Not to mention tasting the fruits
That sweeten the days of the infracaninophile.
Warbucks: Love that word, but Annie is hardly an underdog in her life-style.
As for Sandy . . . Put him up against any three "Bucks" or "Rin-Tin-Tins,"
And you'll see who wins.
WFB: But how nice to have a *deus ex machina.*
Warbucks: Annie's got a lot more than me bachina;
She's got a cartoonist who's very interested in her health.
WFB: And has endowed you with all your wealth.
Warbucks: Which reminds me. The world as oyster beckons. My yacht awaits me at the wharf.
WFB: Well then, Mr. Warbucks, as Sandy says, You better be Arf!

—JOHANNES EFF

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VORSTER AND KAUNDA

The Search for African Detente

ELSPETH HUXLEY

OF ALL THE VIRTUES, it's been said, courage most commands our respect. If so, the two most respectable men in Africa today are the prime ministers of the republics of Zambia and South Africa. It takes a lot of guts in any politician—hardly a courageous species as a rule, to say the least—openly to pursue a policy that's anathema to the great majority of those who elected him, or whose leader he purports to be.

There's scarcely a black African between the Nile and the Limpopo who doesn't regard white South Africans as atrocious monsters meet for immediate extermination; there's scarcely a white South African who doesn't regard the black masses inhabiting the independent states to the north as a battering ram poised at the gates of their citadel. It is this great weight of fear and hatred that Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia and John Vorster of South Africa are defying in their search for detente between black and white in Africa. Looking into the future, and the not so distant future either, both men have seen a very nasty sight indeed: guerrilla skirmishes escalating into an all-out racial war that would convulse the whole continent, and almost certainly pull in the super-powers as well.

Ever since the former colonies of Britain, France, and Belgium gained their independence in the 1960s, this danger has been plain for all to see; the collapse of the last of the European empires, that of the Portuguese, has finally brought matters to a head. Dominoes again: with the takeover of the former province of Mozambique by Frelimo, the black nationalist movement whose guerrilla bands have for years been infiltrating into white-held Rhodesia, down goes the main bastion of Rhodesian defense; with chaos in the former province of Angola, down goes Zambia's ability to export the copper on which its whole economy depends. United Nations sanctions have closed the two southern and eastern routes through Rhodesia, and now the Portuguese collapse and warfare between African liberation groups have all but closed the third down to Lobito in Angola. So at last the question of Rhodesia's future, which has dragged on with the maximum of futility for ten long years, has got to be settled.

Breaking all precedents, in a secret visit to Monrovia Mr. Vorster made contact with African leaders from Liberia and former French territories; he has stepped up the pressure on Mr. Ian Smith of Rhodesia to step down from his pinnacle of white supremacy for talks on power-sharing with Africans; in Lusaka, the Zambian capital, he has conferred with Dr. Kaunda, once a wild boy among nationalists and now, while no less nationalist, a nationalist dove.

It was mainly economic necessity that forced Kaunda's hand. He must, at almost any price, get the copper bottled up by sanctions down to the coast, and get imports flowing in. Only by securing a Rhodesian settlement that will persuade the United Nations to lift its sanctions can this be done. This economic need is reinforced, I believe, by a moral imperative. Although Kaunda has sheltered extremists and allowed guerrilla training camps, with Marxist and Maoist instructors, to turn out terrorists, bent on murder, onto his country's soil, he himself is, paradoxically, no disciple of violence. Like Vorster, he genuinely wants peace; like Vorster, he accepts the necessity, against the grain perhaps, to deal in cold facts rather than in glorious dreams. He knows that no triumphant and invincible black army will sweep through Africa and hurl every white into the sea; Vorster knows that no brotherhood of God's elect, standard-bearers of Christian civilization, will continue forever to resist the mounting pressures of the peoples of the black north. Confrontation or compromise: there is no other way.

VORSTER'S first task was to convert Ian Smith, that enigmatic, stubborn ex-RAF pilot carved, it would seem, from the living rock, a cross between the legendary ostrich and Horatio on his bridge. Indeed, almost singlehanded, he has held that bridge against the baffled British—even against Mr. Wilson himself, pipe and all, pacing the decks of a Royal Naval cruiser—against the apoplectic Organization for African Unity, and against the whole weight of world opinion; giving not an inch, never raising his voice, painstakingly maintaining and indeed strengthening his beautiful, beleaguered country with its ruling minority of Europeans numbering less than three hundred thousand.

How long can it all last? Only as long as South African support continues; and here is Vorster's dilemma. He seeks, as his first priority, detente with black Africa; black Africa seeks the destruction of white Rhodesia; and the white South Africans who voted Vorster into power are not prepared, whatever he himself may think, to throw their fellow whites in Rhodesia to the wolves.

Ever since the fateful meeting last

(Continues on page 1252)

Elspeth Huxley is a longtime contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW*; her latest book,* Florence Nightingale, *was published this year by Putnam.*

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2 Outstanding reasons why you should watch

William F. Buckley Jr.'s

FIRING LINE:

Donald Rumsfeld

"Running The White House"

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 1, 1975 ON PBS

Vincent Bugliosi

"The Implication of the Manson Phenomenon"

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 8, 1975 ON PBS

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Arts & Manners

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

The Day

The Day is Monday, November 17, 1975, when NATIONAL REVIEW celebrates its twentieth anniversary with a Gala that promises to be unequaled—until NATIONAL REVIEW's 25th anniversary. The occasion is designed to appeal to a select number of our higher and lower instincts; it will be graced with an uncommon amount of style, affection, wisdom, and humor, in any order you wish to take them.

A twentieth birthday is a good one to celebrate, with the inconveniences of growing up behind, and life ahead. I remember that on mine, I thought everybody should be born at twenty, and to hell with childhood. At twenty, you love diversification, and your party should reflect this, as NATIONAL REVIEW's Gala will do.

The Gala has two parts, one in the afternoon, and one in the evening. In the long run, the afternoon session will prove more important, since it will be a unique occasion (and I use the word unique deliberately). Michael Oakeshott, the best living writer on political philosophy, will speak. Professor Oakeshott is an Englishman and a Cambridge man, with a most distinguished academic career. During his professorship of political science at the London School of Economics (1951 to 1969), he made a decisive impact on the political thinking of our age. To give an inkling of Professor Oakeshott's stature I quote from a full-page review of his latest book, *On Human Conduct*, by Judith Shklar in the *Times Literary Supplement*. (*On Human Conduct* will be reviewed by Ferdinand Mount in *NR*'s next issue.) I will also remind my readers that the weekly *TLS* is quite the most prestigious journal of its kind. I quote:

> Political theory as a pure intellectual adventure can be an invigorating and even a transforming experience. It can be a liberal education freeing one from the constraints of the merely personal and contemporary. To pursue such a course of thought successfully requires a rare degree of inconspicuous self-discipline, a lucid style, and a light touch. Professor Oakeshott is a master of this art. We are invited by him to join a party, to go on a voyage. His readers are not bludgeoned into passive acquiescence or resentment. That is because skepticism is the very heart of philosophy, which does *not* tell people how to behave, but nettles them into thinking more coherently and to being less "sure because they are sure." . . . Professor Oakeshott . . . evades the labels, the catchwords, the pigeonholes, the whole taxonomy of ideology. It is an extraordinary display of verbal ability and it succeeds surprisingly well.

To all of this I would like to add that Professor Oakeshott is the most private of all professors. To have him come over to speak on NATIONAL REVIEW's anniversary is indeed a coup, due entirely to the prestige and personality of our fearless leader. I would also like to say that if, on November 17, some of my readers are not in the mood for this sort of lecture, they should still go. It is not often in life that one is exposed to the very best of something, and it is silly to miss the opportunity.

The evening Gala combines the best of several worlds in the way of pleasures, in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel. At 8 P.M., guests will be received by the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW and other assorted *NR* people. Just think of meeting the folks who bring you so much edification every two weeks, not to mention the *Bulletin*! To restore guests from this possibly debilitating experience, cocktails will be served prior to a truly splendiferous buffet of hot and cold dishes and desserts galore. The Plaza is famous for that sort of lavish do, especially when closely supervised by Patricia Buckley, a hostess renowned for her marvelous food (I speak from first-hand knowledge).

ALL OF THIS should set you up for the program, which begins at 10:00 P.M. There will be speeches and star entertainment, the first joyous, the second surprising and amusing. Co-chairmen are the industrialist John M. Olin and columnist and long-time *NR* friend and contributor James Jackson Kilpatrick. The speakers will be William F. Buckley Jr., Senator James Buckley, Governor Ronald Reagan, and William Rusher. All of these luminaries will be in a sweet mood, in itself cause for amazement. But then, a twentieth anniversary brings out the sunshine in most of us. Enjoy the evening, then go home happy with the thought that if a Gala like this can take place, there is hope for the Republic and for all of us. □

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PLACES

DAVID BRUDNOY

Dublin at Ease

The Irish say: When God made time, He made plenty of it. Here in Eire's capital, "dear, dirty Dublin," the pace is wonderfully leisurely. Even the first-timer more used to the frantic cities of the Continent is soon caught up in Dublin's slower rhythm. The "boozers"—pubs—abound, and that revered Irish pastime, quaffing a few, replaces the urge felt by visitors to London or Paris or Rome, the urge to see everything, be everywhere at once, do the place from end to end.

Dublin's greatest period was the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the age of the Georges, when Britain established a mini-London amidst a hostile populace never reconciled to the conquest. This is an old city, mentioned first by Ptolemy in A.D. 140, when he called it Eblana. Its current name is taken from the Gaelic word for dark pool, *Dubhlinn*, though it's also known as Baile Atha Cliath, meaning town of the hurdle ford. As the Thames is London's main artery, so the "smelly River Liffey" is Dublin's, winding through the town and crossed by many fine bridges.

Currently, much attention is paid to what is called the *Gaeltacht*, certain areas in counties Donegal, Mayo, Galway, Kerry, Cork, Waterford, and Meath where Gaelic remains the principal, sometimes the sole, language of many thousands of persons. Gaelic is occasionally put to bizarre use, as in the notation printed on the bottom of many items for sale: *An tSeapan tir adhenta* (made in Japan); but more importantly, it is being taught to most school children and used with renewed vitality, particularly outside Dublin.

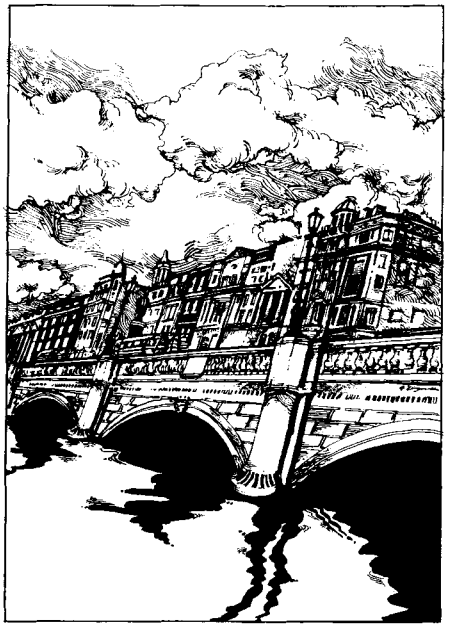
Synge refers to the "natural link between the people and the world that is about them." I think he must have had in mind, among other things, the ancient language, whose revival is a healthy sign of Ireland's renewed self-confidence and commitment to establishing a separate identity, to making a new nation out of the old stuff of legend and history. Shaw, who escaped Ireland for London's sophistication, paid tribute to the uniqueness: "Ireland, Sir, for good or evil, is like no other place under Heaven."

But of course Dublin, and Ireland, aren't just nostalgia and antiquarianism; they are much of today and immediately capture the visitor's affection. A perfect place to wander aimlessly, because of its compactness and wealth of interesting sights, Dublin also manifests a measure of the business expectable in a city now caught up in the Common Market and increasingly proud of its progress, especially when contrasted to London's apparent stagnation.

Despite a 24 per cent inflation rate, Ireland still offers the lowest prices in Western Europe, with the possible exception of those in Portugal. The tendency is irresistible to load up on Donegal tweeds and Waterford crystal—and to disprove the canard that Irish food is inedible by indulging in some of the splendid cuisine available at the better hotels and several fine restaurants in the central shopping areas.

One quickly notices a remarkable warmth and friendliness among Dubliners. Talk is an Irish affliction: not just blarney, which certainly exists, but politics, booze, horses, religion, almost any subject but sex, about which the Irish even in the swingers' pubs seem notably shy. To someone accustomed to those deathly silences in Sweden, or the decorum and reserve of Madrid, or the aloofness of the Berliner or Londoner, this effortless Irish entry into hearty good talk is most gratifying.

Ireland is a poor country, not yet as much benefited by her burgeoning economy as are the busier parts of Western Europe. Her unemployment rate is about 9 per cent, highest in the Common Market. Survival in rural Ireland has always been tough, which accounts in large part for the great migration to America in the nineteenth century. Still, imaginative taxation policies are luring many American companies, especially drug firms, to move here. Moreover, the crime rate is so low, and juvenile crime so rare, that an influx not just of American businesses, but of American immigrants (or Irish-Americans coming home to live), is a new feature of life here.



Coming from Boston, where Irish-Americans have of late received such bad press, with intolerance attributed to them by those slow to see their own bigotries, I was surprised to find in Dublin a minimum of tension between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Not that there is none, but the aged battle seems more vivid in Boston than in Dublin.

In many ways, Dublin is the last major European city to pick up the latest crazes, and the last to drop them. I think of something as mundane as long hair. In Dublin the ear has apparently vanished on most males between nursery and advanced middle age, whereas in London, where it started, and in America, young men have begun cutting it close again. They wear their hair long here and dress up—by American standards—for all occasions. Workers clean the streets in suits, students pub-crawl in tweed jackets and neckties, young women and girls almost never wear pants. As with their dress, so with their attitude. Most young Dubliners are noticeably more polite and gentle, with each other and with strangers, than are their contemporaries in the States.

Sixty years ago, the provisional government of the Republic—then only a fiction, struggling as an idea against the reality of English rule—declared to "Irishmen and Irishwomen: in the name of God and of the dead generations from which [Ireland] receives her old tradition of nationhood," that their right to independence was precious, and that "the Irish nation must, by its valor and discipline, and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called." That "august destiny" was the war

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against Britain, resolved by the establishment of the Republic in 1922. Today, Irishmen boast that Britain is ailing and Ireland thriving, that the old European condescension toward Ireland is disappearing, that Ireland is coming of age.

Eire is walking her own path, searching, as Frank O'Connor wrote, "searching the fields with the misty rays of their sun-lanterns as if for something they had lost." □

MOVIES

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Coonskin

Some weeks ago the *New York Times* ran an article about the woes of Ralph Bakshi, who had made a movie offensive to NAACP and CORE, those purveyors of the frequently simplistic myth of The Negro as You and Me. Said organizations, which had been introduced to the film when it was previewed last November, proceeded at once to set up a terrific bellowing that eventually caused Paramount Pictures prudently to cancel its agreement to distribute the film, which it turned over to another company. When *Coonskin* opened in New York last August 20, the two Manhattan theaters that showed it received bomb threats (bombings are the sole form of violence not provided by the screenplay) and both were picketed. On September 11, however, the *Times* put forth a briefer story ("*Coonskin* Controversy Waning after Three Weeks") quoting several Negro patrons who said that Bakshi's portrayal of black ghetto life was genuine stuff. On September 19, I read that *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* had elbowed *Coonskin* out of the Trans-Lux East and that the latter had been bounced downtown to the Waverly Theater in the West Village, to which I frantically pursued it before it would finally evanesce. I was one of perhaps six people in the audience the night it opened there.

A doorman at the Trans-Lux told a *Times* reporter, "Usually you can overhear what the people are saying about a movie, but in this one people aren't saying much, as if they didn't know what to think about it." Small wonder. *Coonskin* in a darkened theater: the public must simply be incapable of relating the tawdry thing on the screen before them with the movie that has received so much attention, both laudatory and hysterical. For *Coonskin* is, plainly put, stupid. Funny it is not, nor is it clever or moving. As a "parable" about Negro life in the American slums it never gets beyond the obvious, either in social statement or in cinematic narrative. The artistic value of its graphic component is subliminal: the cartoon figures are vastly below the pictorial level of the comic strips at the back of the *New York Post*. Certain critics are raving about Bakshi's supposed cinematic innovations, but I have yet to be convinced that merely superimposing cartoons upon a background of flesh and blood starlets represents a swoop of creative genius. And were I to be convinced that *Coonskin* is the embodiment even of sheer technical brilliance, I should still demand to have it explained to me how brilliance can be so goddamned *dull*.

Be it understood that *Coonskin* is an attempt to insult everyone, either coming or going: if you're not black, maybe you're gay; if you're not gay, maybe you're Catholic; if you're not Catholic, maybe you're Protestant-Italian; and if you're not that, you're probably WASP. (No matter what the movie does to your ethnic pride, it does plenty to your stomach: Bakshi, most probably, prefers to work with cartoons because the sort of people who admire him would never tolerate the investiture of actors with the gloating violence and pulpy, bloody bodies in which this master of the screen delights.) You get to see all the Negroes you please dressed up in yellow platform shoes and fake ermine, smacking their thick pink lips; you get to see faggots with induced fruit-sized breasts and pink hair; you get to see fat Italian mamas; you get to see a godfather with a figure like a garbage bag and a head like a roasted toad's; you get to see a pair of real life WASPs, apparently considered sufficiently caricatured in flesh and blood. For an hour and a quarter these creatures pant and grunt and ejaculate and bleed and slurp: the Negroes nigger, the Mafia dagos, the WASPs honky. (Bakshi left out, however—unless he slipped him by me—the token Jew, kiking. Why bring the boys back home in Brooklyn down on your head?)

That NAACP should have worked itself into a violent pother about the

work of this untalented adolescent is almost unbelievable. Worse, it is vicariously embarrassing. Never mind, for the moment, that an artist—or even a Bakshi—is under no obligation to be (*qua* artist) polite or socially responsible; never mind the fact that the attempts of NAACP and CORE to quash the movie were flagrantly . . . I believe the word is "illiberal." The point here is that those attempts were demeaning—demeaning, that is, not only to the officers of these organizations but to all members of their own race, a race whose interests they have been steadily advancing for decades.

THE GAY LIBBERS have not tried to suppress *Coonskin* for its simpering fairies; nor has the Italian Anti-Defamation League drawn its stiletto; nor has the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association announced that Bakshi deserves to be mugged for his portrayal of the pigs. I presume that among the reasons why none of these gangs has protested the stereotypical appearance of its members in *Coonskin* are that a) those members appear as travesties *among* travesties; b) *Coonskin* is a lousy movie; and c) given both a) and b), to protest is to invite condescension. *All* of Bakshi's creatures are cartoon world; for Negroes to protest those that represent them is to suggest that while to other minorities cartoons are cartoons, for blacks they are embarrassingly real people. And that a cartoon people requires the prevalence of a special lie. □

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BOOKS

Bellow's Dead Center

Humboldt's Gift
By Saul Bellow
Viking, 487 pp., $10

D. KEITH MANO

There were perhaps thirty of us in Lionel Trilling's comp lit course that spring. Good students. I sat right up front—yes, I was a you-know-what—and possibly I alone heard him say it. Trilling had just thrown out several questions: the subject, I think, was symbolism in *Dubliners*. Eager, anxious-to-score hands were up. Trilling mounted the desktop with one buttock. His eyes were marvelous then, huge, liquid—yet so compromised by heavy lids they seemed to express sophistication as a kind of pain or imprisonment. He drew on his cigarette: his cigarette always took aim at the NO SMOKING sign, pulled rank on it, so to speak. A student answered. And another. Unsatisfactorily: these weren't easy questions. Then Trilling stared down for a moment, there was ash on one knee, and said under his breath, "Yes. What does it matter anyway?" Though I later studied with F. R. Leavis—in some ways a more distressing experience—that one sentence and its naked world-weariness murdered my ambition to be a serious critic of literature.

Charles Citrine, Saul Bellow's new protagonist, is a social/literary scholar in Trilling's heavyweight class. Bellovian protagonists, those splendid, brave danglers, are meant to be heroic: they accept death as a fact and have no truck whatever with the after-lives, heavenly or hideous, that religions advertise. Yet farce and piddling disasters intrude on this heroism, for what can man be when no One is mindful of him? Small change. They trust a higher morality and are taken in. Like Henderson, Bellow's wonderful rain king, Citrine is "dying to do something good." For the humanist intellect, faith must home in on art, science, mind. "When that Messiah, that savior faculty the imagination was roused, finally we could look again with open eyes upon the whole shining earth." But this faith in man requires at least as much credulity as faith in the Resurrection. And a lot more stamina. The animal imagery in *Humboldt's Gift* will tip you off. Gone is the lustful fascination with real lions (Henderson), real lizards and raptors (Augie March); Citrine prefers stuffed hummingbirds and man-animal formulae of the Desmond Morris type. When you are almost sixty, as Citrine is, as Bellow has been, death *the* fact can have a surprising power to disquiet. One might say of criticism or art or morality, staring into one's lap, "Yes. What does it matter anyway?"

Humboldt's Gift is something new. Citrine, a dangler, leaves the world adangle. By page 487, back-packing mentally, he has set off on an ambiguous spiritual trek. But Citrine is, after all, clownish and comic. His Mercedes has been pummeled senseless with base-

ball bats. He gets mistaken for a gangland hit man. Alimony lawyers whipsaw him. And he is forced to attend a local hoodlum's defecation—like some body servant at the royal levee. These shenanigans are shot through with first-person intellectual commentary. (Wise, that: third-person commentary would have been intolerably tedious.) Citrine opts for a brand of theosophy cum Rudolf Steinerism, which, as spiritual quests go, is bathetic, clownish, too. In fact *Humboldt's Gift* appears sloppy. Important characters fade out, the way characters in your high school graduation photo have faded out. Bellow's usually torrid, inflexible prose—he is our most consistently magnificent stylist—becomes amicable, offhand. Superb metaphors are there, true; also the distinctive compound of elegance and tart colloquialism. But it's as if, having made this break with art and criticism, a corresponding disregard for fictional structure must logically follow. *Humboldt's Gift* is Bellow's most open, unreserved, personal book.

NEVER IN one novel have so many thick-set people come on stage. Even Citrine's beautiful mistress has a throat "ringed or rippled by some enriching feminine deposit." The physical in man grows, grows. Aging seems to be a form of obesity. Against this Bellow has opposed watery images; water is buoyant and unencumbering. Chicago, naturally, serves to consolidate both themes: fat city on the great lake. Chicago, Bellow's peculiar obsession with it, is troubling. Citrine (and Bellow) have chosen Chicago because the place represents centricity. "He had appeared in order to move me from dead center. Because I came from Chicago no normal or sensible person could do anything of this sort for me." Bellow's Chicago is an imaginary back garden with real turds in it. There are elements of pure romance, American myth, childhood memory. Once, at an awards dinner, I heard Bellow speak (his eyes are large and liquid, too; painfully lidded, too). He called himself one of Chicago's two cultural pillars. I don't remember who or what the other pillar was, yet Bellow's remark struck me as either cavalier or tasteless. Chicago's centricity is, in part, egocentricity. Recalling the Thirties, Citrine says, "New York was then a very Russian city. . . . It was a case, as Lionel Abel said, of a

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metropolis that yearned to belong to another country." And that is, more or less, what Bellow has done for Chicago: made it a foreign enclave, an ethnic neighborhood rather than a metropolis. He doesn't know or care for middle America (his perfunctory treatment of Demmie Vonghel, a lapsed fundamentalist Christian, proves that). His dead center is his dead center, not the nation's. Bellow has set up housekeeping in a homemade symbol: a symbol so persuasive it sometimes jeopardizes the geographical place.

BELLOW HAS TAKEN risks that only a novelist of his stature could afford. "Artists," Citrine has explained, "must interest intellectuals. . . . That is why the state of culture and the history of culture become the subject matter of art." True. True. True. And unfortunate. It's also why *Humboldt's Gift* won't win Bellow a fourth National Book Award. That humanist prize is never given to authors who write about the spiritual soul. ". . . people were not really surprised when you spoke to them about the soul and the spirit. How odd! . . . Sophisticated people were the only ones who expressed surprise." But entertaining intellectuals is a tiresome game, particularly when one has death to prepare for. *Humboldt's Gift* gets its talkative, awkward form from its genre: it belongs, with Crockett's or Franklin's autobiography, to confessional, not novelistic, literature. ". . . America is a didactic country, whose people always offer their personal experiences as a helpful lesson to the rest, hoping to hearten them and do them good."

"Trouve avant de chercher," Citrine says. What he means, what he talks around, fears, avoids, is Grace. But for a Jewish liberal intellect, "To be Christian was impossible, to be pagan also." In that sentence there is spiritual horror; Bellow knows it, isolates on it. What strategies remain? Theosophy, Rudolf Steiner? You sense an absurdist, rebellious, self-humiliating drive in this: an intellectual's suicide. "There was no basis in common experience for the Good, the True, the Beautiful. And I was too queerly haughty to take stock in the respectable empiricism in which I had been educated." Empiricism does not *trouve avant de chercher*. Perhaps purposefully this is not Bellow's best novel; it is easily his most significant book. And Grace, despite Citrine's disclaimer, can never be impossible. □

Century's Ebb
By John Dos Passos
Gambit, 474 pp., $9.95

METHADONE FIX FOR EXPERIENCE ADDICTS

HUGH KENNER

The movie from the book; the book from the play; the soundtrack skimmed off the movie: whatever Americans have experienced in one medium they immediately want to experience in several others. Huge fortunes have been based on this mysterious fact. Henry Luce got rich re-packaging the contents of last week's newspapers. Prospective investors who found the idea quite unreasonable—who's going to pay money to reread the news he's just read?—were told that *Time* was meant to serve busy people who never quite got around to the daily papers: an elite of movers and shakers who could spare an hour a week. Luce's intuitions went far deeper than his rationalizations. Those millions of newsmag addicts aren't all *that* busy.

And we pay Teddy White to lead us once more, in hours, through the campaign we suffered for months and months; and dozens of hypesters to help us relive again and again and again the delicious agonies of Watergate; and Upton Sinclair mobilized Lanny Budd (volume after volume); and John Dos Passos saw *U.S.A.* become a Modern Library Giant, on the same list as *Ulysses*.

Like the author of *Ulysses*, who circulated the word *claritas*—the radiance that attends intellectual apprehension—Dos Passos wanted multifariousness to cohere, and trusted that a cunning interplay of literary techniques would make that happen. He was willing to outwait the impatience of readers who thought the techniques themselves incoherent, mainly because they fragmented the orderly *look* of print. (In the Thirties, when he was a feather in *Esquire*'s cap, *Esquire* also offered advice on how to read him. Yes, Dos Passos once passed for avant-garde. How long ago that seems!) Using "newsreels," meditations, chunks of prose-poetry, fictional interludes, biographies like *Time* covers, he composed Chronicle after Chronicle: a twentieth century American reader's own life and times, its materials as familiar as the headlines and the Sunday supplements.

Century's Ebb, by the publisher's count Chronicle Number 13, is a posthumous book never really firmed up by the author, as we wouldn't know if the publisher hadn't told us. Its focus is the Spanish Civil War and Truman-Era leftism. Its three fictional sequences, intercut, chronicle a fiscal hotshot on the lam in South America, a pair of left-wing True Believers, an attorney whose experience of Stalinist chicanery in Spain swings him rightward. Biographical capsules include George Orwell, John Dewey, Joe McCarthy, Willkie, Dulles, Goddard the rocketer, Henry Wallace (less the political fumbler than the evangelist of hybrid corn), Lee Oswald, Malcolm X. The shade of Walt Whitman is made to brood over this brew, which ends with the climactic space-flight of 1968: Christmas in the vicinity of the moon. We've all heard it all before, though not this way.

WHAT WORKS, works thanks to Dos Passos' gift for stepping efficiently through clutter. "Wendell Willkie was a large untidy man, with untidy black hair and a head full of large untidy ideas. A congenital promoter, he lived in a whirlwind, always losing the only copy of the speech he was about to deliver or his briefcase or his keys. He never had a hat. He carried no watch. He made friends fast and lost them even faster."

Much of what doesn't work is betrayed by the same facility:

"Lulie yawned: 'I swear I'd forgotten the Hitler-Stalin pact.'

" 'If you've forgotten, think of the ordinary newspaper reader. . . . Don't you remember Stalin's charming little arrangement with Hitler for the partition of Poland?'

" 'People sure do forget,' admitted Lulie."

Readers are people too, and since after three decades they've forgotten just about everything, Lulie and her

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husband have to talk like that for pages. It's quick graphic exposition, and it kills any chance that Lulie and Jay, whom Dos Passos meant for principal characters, can be more than garrulous shadows, stepping from set to set with the comic aplomb of Keaton in *Sherlock Jr.* (Keaton intended his comedy; Dos Passos, when he attains it, generally hasn't.)

What's most evidently missing, from end to end of the book, is any sense of anyone *experiencing* those years. A lot of pop-lecture clarification occurs, and much pointing of facts the current mythology forgets (though Dos Passos' mythology forgets different facts). If you have some hours to kill and have finished the newspapers, and *Time* has been lost in the mail, *Century's Ebb* will make an acceptable methadone. Don't mistake it for real fiction, though, nor, above all, for the sort of literary cubism it masquerades as and resembles about as closely as a Gimbels ad resembles a Bracque. □

Kipling: The Glass, the Shadow, and the Fire
By Philip Mason
Harper, 334 pp., $8.95

THE WAY THINGS ARE

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

One of the most illuminating differences between a liberal and a conservative is the conservative's effort to discern the way things really are and his acquiescence, his even joyful acceptance and participation, in the reality he has discovered. The liberal, on the other hand, is dissatisfied with the givens of life. He makes a continuous effort at transformation and transvaluation. He cannot understand that things are one way and not another, and life for him can never simply mean wonder, discovery, and accommodation. Little wonder that liberals have so universally found Rudyard Kipling distasteful, while men of conservative temperament as different as Orwell and T. S. Eliot have thought him a consummately great artist.

Kipling's reputation has not been in the ascendant. As liberalism prevailed, his reputation with everyone except children declined. He came to be viewed as a funny if indeed not outright vicious purveyor of an outworn imperialism; a posturing and bellicose defender of ugly and dated notions. But history works its slow justice. Certain national experiences are determinative, such as America's experience of the West and the British imperial experience. They escape the simple categories of good and evil, black and white, which form the gridwork of liberal moral righteousness, and they mark a nation forevermore and indelibly with the chrism of great deeds, high adventures, and gigantic purposes. The British experience of India means something quite different to Englishmen today than it did when they were so wholly under the sway of the anemic euphoria that liberalism produced. One of the incidental by-products of this recovery of character has been the rehabilitation of Rudyard Kipling and his art.

There is no one better prepared for the task of re-evaluating Kipling than Philip Mason. Mason, whose experience of India has been first-hand and who is one of the major historians of the British involvement in India, can speak with authority on just how unimportant India and imperialism were to the total corpus of Kipling's work and the ideas that it embodies. Mason's work is a personal re-evaluation and rediscovery of Kipling, and he brings to his discussion not only an acute sense of place and time but the intensity of perception possessed only by those who re-experience, but at a later stage of development, the enthusiasms of adolescence. There is a freshness and openness to his study, for Mason is exploring himself at the same time as he is rereading Kipling.

THERE ARE some failures in this book. Mason does not tell us in formal aesthetic terms why Kipling is a great artist or discuss which factors constitute that greatness. He quotes with approval lines of Kipling's poetry which, from the standpoint of poetry, are nearly doggerel. One has the uneasy feeling that Mason is not a safe guide in matters of aesthetics.

But in the matter of Kipling's meaning, Mason is superb. He demonstrates clearly the consistency and growth of Kipling's thought. Intuitively and without any care for propositional argument, the whole body of Kipling's thought explores the archetypal world of form and structure. Kipling was primitively and radically religious. He was not religious, of course, in any sense that the tired orthodoxy of the late Victorian world would have understood. He was too sophisticated for that and fits best into the range of perceptions and experiences explored by Mircea Eliade and Gerardus van der Leeuw. The *mysterium* is the omnipresent fact in the consciousness of Kipling. But one ought to be quite clear. The transcendent generally does not impinge on life as revealed certitude. It is only glimpsed, as if a shade were suddenly raised and lowered in a lighted room at night, and we are left to conjecture on the basis of that glimpse the total meaning of the fugitive scene which we have witnessed.

WE SEE enough, though, to perceive the order in the nature of things, an order that is especially apparent in the field of animal and human relations. There is a natural law of the pack as well as a natural law of the tribe. Transgressed order and the restoration of balance are the great, if not the greatest, themes in Kipling's writing. And there is a source of law, be it the headmaster or some more vague cosmic principle. Not that Kipling loved headmasters in their particularity or even understood the appropriateness of cosmic principle. His rebellion in particular cases was only an affirmation of the necessity of ultimate authority. It is form, order, and authority alone which keep the void and anarchy at bay.

This much Kipling believed in common with the classical Greeks. They too believed in the *mysterium*, order, and the restoration of balance. But

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Kipling went beyond this to explore the role of substitutionary and vicarious suffering and sacrifice. There had been hints of such thought among the Greeks, but for Kipling it is cast in distinctively Christian terms.

And so *Kim* emerges not only as one of the greatest English novels but as a novel that is far less about India and the British imperial experience than about Kipling's experience of reality. Every major theme of his thought is there. It is a boy's world, perceived through a boy's eyes. It reminds one not of what it is like to be young but rather what, at any age, it is like to see things clearly and as they really are. □

The Friends of Richard Nixon
By George V. Higgins
Little, Brown, 320 pp., $10.95

WATERGATE: ANOTHER LAWYER MISSES THE POINT

MEL ELFIN

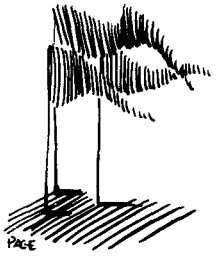
As Watergate recedes into the middle distance of American politics, the literature on the subject simultaneously should be moving up a notch or two in class. By now, we should be seeing more of the revealing memoirs, insightful analyses, and graceful histories, and fewer of the pastepot fripperies (Halpern's *Why Watergate?*), political tracts (Mankiewicz' *U.S. v. Richard M. Nixon*), and whining apologiae (Magruder's *One Man's Road to Watergate*).

Certainly, Theodore White's brilliantly crafted *Breach of Faith* and Jimmy Breslin's entertaining *How the Good Guys Finally Won* gave us reason to believe that the Watergate genre finally had outgrown the phase of recycled transcripts and instant history. Unfortunately, George V. Higgins' *The Friends of Richard Nixon* makes that judgment seem a trifle premature.

Higgins, a lawyer turned highly successful novelist (*The Friends of Eddie Coyle, Cogan's Trade, A City on a Hill*), has given us little that is either insightful or revealing. Rather, *The Friends of Richard Nixon* tediously recounts the first Watergate trial, the Ervin Committee hearings, and the dramatic months which preceded and followed those central events. Based largely upon two long articles he wrote for *The Atlantic Monthly*, Higgins demonstrates once again that even the best of yesterday's journalism rarely outlives that day's or week's or month's headlines.

It seems quite unnecessary in the fall of 1975 to plow once more through John Dean's *j'accuse* and James McCord's bitter confession, or to be told again about G. Gordon Liddy's tight-lipped bravado. It also seems quite unnecessary—as well as sophomoric—to start a Watergate book with a four-page dramatis personae which describes Richard Nixon as "Scoundrel in Chief," H. R. Haldeman as "First Henchman," Liddy as "Stand-up guy," and King Timahoe as "Dog (blameless; will not appear)." For *Mad* magazine yes, but not for a serious book bearing the imprimatur of the Atlantic Monthly Press.

As Higgins sees Watergate, "it could happen again." The reason: "Original Sin." Both of these are, no doubt, eminently persuasive conclusions, but clearly not the sort that would make one want to wade through 320 pages or shell out $10.95 to reach them. Nor are there sufficient "newsy" giblets scattered through the book to enliven an all-too-familiar narrative, although we do learn that Lyndon Johnson once urinated on the leg of one of his secret service agents and claimed "That's mah prerogative," and that when former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird suggested that Clark Clifford be named to replace Archibald Cox as Special Prosecutor, Richard Nixon replied: "Mel, are you out of your f------ mind?



Higgins, who has served both as an assistant state attorney general and as assistant U.S. Attorney in Massachusetts, is most readable when he penetrates the usually hermetically sealed world of the Watergate prosecutors. Capitalizing on his professional contacts, Higgins presents a graphic portrait of the way the prosecutors work, think, and dress, and how they try to cope with low salaries, mediocre judges, hack superiors, and the excesses of the Warren Court. In Higgins' view, the only true Watergate heroes were the prosecutors, men like John Doar, Jim Neal, and Henry Ruth, whom he calls "such exhilarating exemplars of what is best, and noblest, in ourselves."

BESIDES the obvious embarrassment to the principals, the difficulty with this particular vision of the prosecutor-as-demigod is that Higgins asks us to accept not only their frames of reference and legal premises but their prejudices as well. As he so pointedly emphasizes, these were men who would have preferred to take their Watergate neat and to see history played out within the confines of their courtrooms and according to the footnotes, exceptions, and saving clauses of the U.S. Code and the Federal Rules of Procedure. This attitude, with which Higgins so obviously sympathizes, reduces the press, the Ervin Committee, John J. Sirica, and sometimes even the American people to mere nuisances who kept getting in the way of what should have been nice, clean Watergate prosecutions and convictions.

"The law," says Higgins, "functioned quite adequately to reprove and then to remove, and ultimately to punish (not as harshly as was merited, but to punish nonetheless), those who had willfully departed from the spirit of the (social) contract." But the plain fact is that majesty-of-the-law or no majesty-of-the-law, without a sometimes overly aggressive press, a bumbling and timid Congress, an often injudicious and overbearing Judge Sirica, a frequently inattentive public—and a considerable bit of luck—the chances are that the friends of Richard Nixon would still be classified among the finest public servants in U.S. history and that Nixon himself would, as columnist William Safire once predicted, be leaving the Presidency 16 months from now "in a Bicentennial glow."

Almost from the beginning, the lawyers misunderstood Watergate. It was not a third-rate burglary, or a series of hyperdramatic criminal cases, or a real-life version of Perry Mason Goes to Washington. It was one of the pivotal political dramas of our time, a morality play in which the bad guys badly warped the system and almost got away with it. And sooner or later, we're going to get a Watergate book that grasps this transcendent point.

The Friends of Richard Nixon is not it. □

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Augustus John, A Biography
By Michael Holroyd
Holt, 676 pp., $17.95

A LIFE WRITTEN BETTER THAN LIVED

RUTH BERENSON

Picasso once referred to Augustus John as "the best bad painter in Britain," a critical assessment with which his biographer, Michael Holroyd, is in substantial agreement. Why, then, has he bothered to write, in overwhelming detail and with a scholarship as impeccable as his more-than-usually graceful prose, this book about him? The annals of twentieth century art in Britain are singularly bereft of outstanding figures up to the end of World War II—and even among these, John's place, except for some stunning drawings and a handful of pictures done before he was forty, is debatable; outside England, even these works are little known, and he is remembered, if at all, only for his portraits, often rather slapdash affairs, of the great and near-great of the *entre deux guerres* period. His oeuvre aside, however, John's long life—he died in 1961 at the age of 83—is fascinating, even more so than the many fictional treatments (Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*, Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint*, Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth*) that it inspired. After *Upstairs, Downstairs*, we no longer think of Edwardians as prim descendants of the Eminent Victorians—but Augustus John's domestic arrangements, his sexual comings and goings, make that TV cliff-hanger seem like the adventures of the *Bobbsey Twins*.

The cast of characters is huge. There is the overwhelming Augustus; his sister, Gwen, whose painterly talent her brother, perhaps rightly, rated far higher than his own; his wife, Ida, mother of five of his—literally—innumerable children; Dorelia, *maîtresse-en-titre* and mother of four; other, less enduring loves of whom at least three also begat; their lovers and/or husbands; plus a long line of more or less minor characters—artists, literati, critics, nobility—whose names may be household words to British readers but many of whom Americans will find hard to identify. The settings change kaleidoscopically as on a revolving stage: small Welsh towns, Irish sod huts, gypsy encampments, London drawing rooms, Provençal villas, Parisian garrets, and English country houses overgrown with flowers. With its meandering plot and recurrent crises, Augustus John's life would be a TV natural—though hardly for family viewing.

SUCH A TV script might well achieve critical as well as popular acclaim, for John was an archetype of that currently fashionable literary creation, the anti-hero. In other words, he was a first-class bastard, a colossally selfish egotist. The sacrifices others, chiefly women, made for him he accepted as his due; he was a dreadful father (though he made marvelous drawings of his brood); a callous lover of, in Mr. Holroyd's words, the "pouncer" type; and he suffered from chronic, deep depression. In Mr. Holroyd's view, his alienation was so extreme that he was nearly incapable of genuine emotion other than an overweening desire somehow, anyhow, to fill the emotional void within him—hence the compulsive womanizing, the moodiness, the peripatetic wanderings, the inability to endure solitude, the alcoholism. Early on he adopted a mode of dress best described as proto-hippie, part of a search for the identity that persistently eluded him and made him insist that his mother (née Augusta Smith, daughter of a plumber) had been a gypsy. As late as his fortieth year he was complaining, "I am in a curious state wondering who I am. I watch myself closely without being yet able to classify myself. I evade definition. . . ." So does his art. A certain assurance is evident in his drawings and early decorative panels, but as he grew older his confusion about what he was trying to do made each picture an agony. Even the portraits were subjected to constant altering, rubbing-out, repainting, a torture to artist and sitter alike.

Women found him irresistible, ignoring, even welcoming, his unfeeling treatment of them in the belief that their love served the sacred cause of Art. It was this attitude that led his wife, Ida, not just to forgive him his passion

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *Such a Strange Lady*, says biographer Janet Hitchman of Dorothy Sayers (Harper, $7.95). . . . Putnam has *My Life* by Golda Meir ($12.50). . . . *My Country and the World* is a collection of essays by Russian dissident Andrei Sakharov (Knopf, $5.95; Vintage paperback, $1.95). . . . Jerrold and Leona Schecter took the five kids to Moscow when he covered it for *Time*, record everyday life there in *An American Family in Russia* (Little, Brown, $10). . . . Journalist David Dempsey investigates *The Way We Die* (Macmillan, $8.95). . . . Mortimer Adler and William Gorman scrutinize famous U.S. documents in *The American Testament* (Praeger, $7.95).

■ CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS: Martin Page takes imaginary jaunts on the luxury trains of yesteryear in *The Lost Pleasures of the Great Trains* (Morrow, $16.95). The same house features a lavish *History of Fashion* by J. Anderson Black and Madge Garland ($25 to Jan. 1, then $30) and Ron Tyler's *The Cowboy* ($16.95 to Jan. 1, then $19.95). . . . Bradley Smith assembles *The U.S.A.: A History in Art* for T. Y. Crowell ($27.95 till Christmas, then $30). . . . *Art Treasures of the Vatican* has over 400 illustrations in color (Prentice-Hall; $35 to Jan. 1, then $45). . . . Michael Wynn Jones fashions *The Cartoon History of the American Revolution* for Putnam ($20). . . . *Great Architecture of the World* has a foreword by Buckminster Fuller (Random; $24.95 to Jan. 1, then $29.95). . . . John McCabe, Al Kilgore, and Richard W. Baum collaborate on the definitive *Laurel & Hardy* for Dutton ($19.95 to Jan. 1, then $25).

Mother and Child is a collection of art through the ages (T. Y. Crowell; $27.95 till Christmas, then $30). . . . Three splashy ones from N.Y. Graphic: the paintings of Turner assembled by Luke Herrmann ($37.50), *Decorating American Style* by Jose Wilson and Arthur Leaman ($19.95), and Dudley Wilson's words and pictures about a landmark fast becoming quaint, *The Lighthouse* ($24.95 to Jan. 1, then $29.95). . . . *Lewis Carroll: Photographs and Letters of Lewis Carroll to His Little Friends* is boxed and numbered (Rizzoli, $100).

■ SPORTS BOOKS: Min S. Yee and Don K. Wright subtitle their *Sports Book, An Unabashed Assemblage of Heroes, Strategies, Records, and Events* (Holt, $12.95). . . . Bob Ryan's *The Pro Game* is a big one on basketball (McGraw-Hill; $15.95 to Jan. 1, then $20). . . . For *We Remember Rockne*, John D. McCallum and Paul Castner interviewed dozens of Rock's players (Our Sunday Visitor, $7.95).

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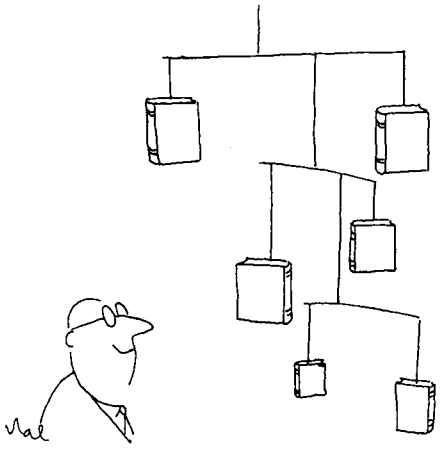
for Dorelia but to persuade the latter to join her household. They lived together for over two years, sharing everything from children to Augustus until the worn-out Ida finally died giving birth to a fifth child; Augustus reacted with "an uncontrollable elation . . . I could have embraced every passerby." Luckily for him, Dorelia's credo was the same as Ida's; she brought up both litters besides intermittently sheltering the rest and making a home for him. She died at 87, untouched by Women's Lib and happy for having lived for Art.

Mr. Holroyd rightly described his book as "a biography, not an art book," so it is perhaps unfair to complain that there are so few illustrations of the paintings described and acutely evaluated in the text. (*The Art of Augustus John* by Mr. Holroyd and Michael Eaton can fill this gap.) This aside, the book demonstrates its author's mastery of the biographer's craft, and makes us look forward to the completion of his next, the "official" life of the subject of three of John's finest portraits, George Bernard Shaw. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GENTLE TASADAY, *A Stone Age People in the Philippine Rain Forest, by John Nance, Foreword by Charles A. Lindbergh (Harcourt, 465 pp., $15).* This first account of the startling discovery on the island of Mindanao of a Stone Age tribe isolated from civilization since the beginning of time exerts its spell over the reader on many levels. As a source-book in ethnology it is unmatched; as a travel adventure, the tale of the discovery of the Tasaday is filled with suspense, intrigue, and excitement. Then there is the ecological dimension: how long will the earthly paradise of the Tasaday remain insulated against tourism, exploitation, technological and medical "improvements," pollution of the atmosphere—and is it right to "deprive" these childlike innocents of such things, now that they know that they exist? Finally, there is the foreword by Lindbergh, which provides a fascinating glimpse of the pioneer aviator's contact with the tribe and his efforts to spare them at least the initial shock of their confrontation with our society and its various corruptions. The real hero of the book, however, is Lindbergh's friend Manuel Elizalde, a Harvard-educated millionaire playboy who found himself a dedicated protector of the various Philippine primitive peoples and became Presidential Assistant on National Minorities in the cabinet of President Ferdinand Marcos. Following the accidental discovery of the Tasaday by a wide-ranging hunter from a nearby tribe, it was Elizalde who led the first expedition (which included the author and Lindbergh) to the hidden valley, who treated the frightened but curious Tasaday with tact and understanding, and who set the governmental machinery in motion to protect their hideaway from an imminent threat of lumbering. Unlike the Papuans of New Guinea or any other primitive society that has been studied in near isolation, the Tasaday are unique in having no debilitating diseases, no religion or belief in an afterlife, no aggressive instincts either toward outsiders or toward each other. If they ever had such instincts at a remote time in the past when they were a part of the tribal system of Mindanao, from which their language derives, they lost them when isolated in a valley that supplied all their basic needs and made a nomadic existence unnecessary. Their personalities, once they had come to trust their visitors, were outgoing, fun-loving, perceptive. Asked if he believed in a "soul" surviving death, one Tasaday replied: "The soul may be the part of you that sees the dream." Will the Tasaday survive? It may be more to the point to ask whether *we* will survive. Probably not unless we find some way of "seeing the dream," of making peace again with the world of nature we are fated to inhabit.

SELDEN RODMAN



STARTS AND FINISHES, *by Carey Winfrey (Dutton, 183 pp., $7.95).* Carey Winfrey, the 35-year-old public television producer whose autobiography this is, comes out of a distinctly exotic milieu—the world of bigtime horse racing. Both his father and his grandfather were trainers of champions; it was his father who prepared Native Dancer for glory at the track. His father and his lively, pretty mother were divorced when he was young, and his childhood was full of the comings and goings and changed backgrounds of a dismembered family. Growing up, he went to Columbia and trained as a Marine. There were girls to be loved and professors to be heard and pondered. Carey Winfrey experienced it all with an engaging ardor and he writes about it in the same spirit. It's a shock to encounter someone unself-conscious enough to talk about himself without protective ironies and self-deprecations, but Winfrey's manner gives his really rather racy life story an unexpected Grovers' Corners charm.

ANNE CRUTCHER

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE: MAVERICK ON MAIN STREET, *by John DeWitt McKee (Greenwood Press, 264 pp., $12.95).* It's about time somebody wrote a serious modern study of William Allen White, the man who represented so much of what was both noblest and silliest in early twentieth century Middle America. As Professor McKee points out in this thoughtful but occasionally repetitious volume (assembled, one suspects, from lively but straggling series of lecture notes), most of the causes White believed in so intensely were doomed from the start—the small town/sturdy yeoman farmer world of his boyhood Midwest; the tame and TR-dominated Progressivism that he continued to embrace long after his ardor became a form of political necrophilia; and his generally benevolent, Norman Rockwellish view of an American populace grown far more volatile and complex than he ever grasped. Yet, for all that, White *was* a real shaper of opinion in at least the folkloric sense. His writing (and his even more familiar public personality) created an image not only of one sage in Emporia, but of a whole wellspring of wisdom, decency, and American "roots"—something we're always looking for in the wrong places—that many urbane men and women far from Kansas found vaguely reassuring. His 1922 Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial rings a bit falsely today, with its pious assertion that, "If there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race." But it is, at any rate, a sympathetic brand of wishful thinking. Besides, White wrote a really splendid biography of Calvin Coolidge, *A Puritan in Babylon*, which almost makes up for his floods of homespun twaddle and his unfailingly unprophetic utterances on world affairs, like his sunny 1918 statement that "the Russian Revolution is the greatest net gain of this war so far." Professor McKee's book, while horribly overpriced, is worth reading for a fresh view of a major American figure in the minor American field of Panglossian punditry. ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

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HUXLEY

(Continued from page 1240)

summer of Vorster, Smith, and Bishop Muzorewa, leader of Rhodesia's African National Council, in a railway coach on the bridge over the Zambesi River (what odd *venues* are chosen for such meetings—a warship twice, first at sea and the second time in harbor to avoid seasickness), it has been clear that Mr. Smith is at last ready to compromise. A compromise, as so often happens, that looks like turning into a right-about-face. Mr. Smith's affirmation that black majority rule would not come to Rhodesia in his lifetime has often been quoted. Now he has spoken, with his customary low-key calm, of the possibility of a black prime minister in a future not remote, even if not immediate. (What a lot of word-eating, too, Rhodesia has caused; one of Mr. Harold Wilson's less accurate prophecies, made ten years ago, shortly after Rhodesia's UDI, was that the collapse and overthrow of Mr. Smith was "a matter of months rather than years.") The way now seems to be open, therefore, for meaningful negotiations.

What these will lead to, everyone can guess: an African take-over in a comparatively short time. All African experience has shown that, once the journey has begun, there are no breathing-spells and halting-places on the road to independence. The best the whites can hope for—and it's quite a lot—is to buy time for an orderly hand-over, as in Kenya, in an atmosphere, more or less, of good will, and to avoid a messy scuttle as in the Congo and, now, in Mozambique and Angola. But it will be a traumatic affair.

With the stage set at last, there's another snag, and it's a big one. If you hand over power, there must be someone to receive it in a constitutional way. That is what Rhodesia lacks: a Kenyatta, a Nyerere, a Kaunda, a Hastings Banda, ready to replace, in due course, Ian Smith. Rhodesia's African leaders remain almost hopelessly divided. Just as Vorster has been pressuring Smith, so Kaunda has been trying to knock together the heads of these leaders to make them present, at least while negotiations get under way, a united front.

Kaunda's urgency is great. With its copper outlets disorganized, Zambia's economy is dying on its feet. He has been forced to limit imports and to promulgate severe austerity measures; discontent is growing among black and white alike; white technicians, essential to the copper mines, are leaving the country at an alarming rate. Kaunda, no less than Smith, appears to be executing a right-about-face. Fed up with bickerings, and often more than bickerings, among the nationalist groups, he has closed down most of the guerrilla training camps and withdrawn his support if not for their aims, at least for their tactics and continued presence on his country's soil.

So far, Rhodesia's African leaders have refused to have their heads knocked together. Their enmities, personal and tribal, are deep and wide. The oldest of the parties, the Zimbabwe African Peoples' Union, is led by the bulky and experienced Joshua Nkomo who has often been in detention since 1963. So has his former lieutenant, Ndabaningi Sithole, founder of the break-away ZANU (Zimbabwe African National Union). More recently there has emerged Bishop Abel Muzorewa, leader of the African National Council formed to voice the demands of the nationalists within Rhodesia, the other two parties being proscribed and operating from Zambia or Tanzania.

Which, if any, is to become the first black prime minister of Zimbabwe, as Rhodesia would then become? Many Africans would vote for Nkomo because he is a Matebele; others for the Bishop because he is a Shona. Mr. Smith's own thoughts turn nostalgically to dignified chiefs in red ceremonial robes keeping up tradition in their rural homelands, regarded by black nationalists as government stooges and by most whites as good, sound, reliable chaps—"real Africans." There are, as most people tend to forget, 15 African members in the Rhodesian parliament, but the restricted franchise has ensured that they are "moderates" and as such command no following among the nationalists.

No signals have yet flashed in Salisbury to suggest that African agreement is in sight. Time was when this would have played into the hands of Mr. Smith and his Rhodesia Front Party, but that time is no longer. With the declaration of UDI (whose tenth anniversary will be held next November 11), though he did not know it, he only changed masters, and substituted Pretoria for London. His white Rhodesian supporters may have elected him, but ultimately Mr. Vorster calls the tune.

If anyone thinks it easy to persuade

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three African parties to agree on leadership, he need look for contradiction no further than Angola, where three "liberation" parties are at it hammer and tongs, fighting not with the departed, or departing, colonialists, but with each other, while ringside nations, and others further afield, back their fancies with arms and supplies. Russia equips the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola, Zaire backs the Angolan National Liberation Front, and Western nations, as well as Zambia, incline toward the Union for the Total Independence of Angola under its anti-Communist leader Dr. Jonas Savimbi. So far the Chinese do not seem to have intervened. And the four-hundred-year-old Portuguese empire has ended in the exodus of some 100,000 destitute and homeless Europeans.

White Rhodesians may be forgiven for saying "I told you so." This is what they've always said is liable to happen when the whites give in and go, and what they're still determined isn't going to happen to the prosperous, well-organized, and, as they see it, civilized land they have created in the heart of Africa. A different moral can also be drawn. To three African countries the death-throes of colonialism brought chaos and collapse: first the Congo, now Mozambique and Angola. In all three cases the colonial power had gone on saying, in effect, until the last moment, "It can't happen here." So, when it did, everyone was caught off base. Elsewhere, colonialists bowed to the inevitable in time to make at least some rudimentary preparations for a peaceful hand-over, even if a good many cracks were papered over and something short of the millennium ushered in.

Mr. Vorster has described as "too terrible to contemplate" a failure to reach a settlement in Rhodesia, and consequently the black-white detente he so anxiously seeks. What the world outside Africa needs to realize now, surely, is that the prime obstacle is no longer the obduracy of Mr. Smith, the *amour propre* of Britain, nor even, as in 1972, the suspicion of the grassroots, tribal Africans, but the inability of African political leaders to reach agreement among themselves. In this context, United Nations sanctions scarcely seem a helpful contribution for the outside world to make. □

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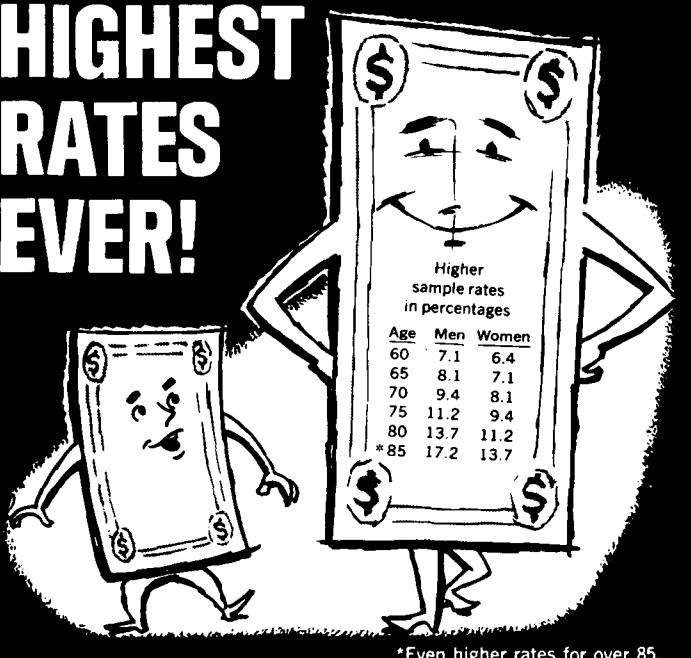

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[WILLIAM E.] SIMON:

Anti-Business Legislation [Perils U.S. Economy].

Too many public officials . . . have the mistaken notion that they can raise revenues painlessly by taxing corporations instead of people—as though businesses are not owned, managed, and staffed by people and as though their taxes are not paid in prices charged to people.

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WATSON

(Continued from page 1235)

> today characterizes all the major activities of human life. . . . The historical record declares that no great change in the way of life of human communities has hitherto been achieved without the pains and travails of a birth process.

The death-warrant of a class has been made out, and it will be executed: this is the open warning of the age. In Brecht's *Die Massnahme*, when the Communist agitators ask the Controller whether they were right to murder an unreliable comrade, the answer is to more questions than to that alone:

> *When they meet us, wherever it be,*
> *Let them know: the rulers*
> *Shall be exterminated.*

The Stalinist intellectuals of the Thirties are nowadays something of a joke. The "Red Thirties," as somebody remarked, gave place to the red-faced Fifties; and the short-lived Marxist revival of the Sixties, deeply impressed as it was with its own myth of uniqueness, left the whole question of what a former generation had believed carefully unexplored. I re-open it here as a question of history, and of nothing else. Whoever may have chanced to survive, the age is forever dead and gone. My own judgment, as a literary historian, is of documents rather than of men.

But the literary evidence does not bear out the myth of innocence and deception. It plainly suggests that poets and novelists in that age were attracted to the most violent system on earth because it was just that. The Soviet dictatorship looked to them like a highly disciplined system that could, and should, conquer the world: the God that Failed was a savage god. Between 1933 and 1939 many (and perhaps most) British intellectuals under the age of fifty, and a good many in other Western lands, knowingly supported the greatest act of mass-murder in human history. Even the accusing eye of the historian is bound to flicker in the bright light of that assertion.

One could wish that the evidence were not as overwhelming as it is. □

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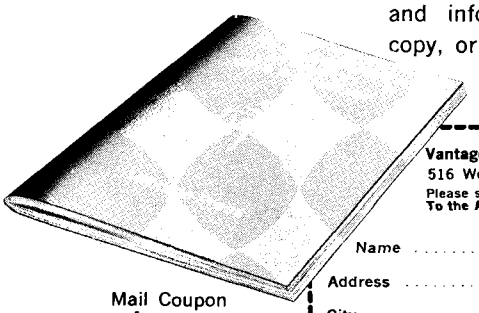

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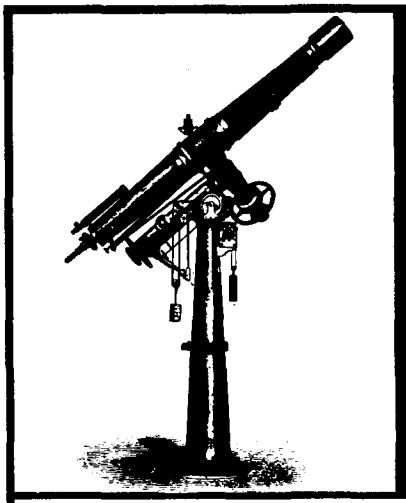

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

The Penn Central-Lockheed Myth

New York, Oct. 14—I have during the past ten days run into a cliché, uttered triumphantly at a dozen American forums from sea to shining sea, which I undertake, herewith, to discredit. In the name of truth, justice, and rational discourse, I beseech your help: Go forward and give out the facts to your fellow man.

It goes, in its distilled form, as follows: "Why shouldn't the Federal Government bail out New York City? It didn't hesitate to bail out Lockheed and Penn Central for the benefit of their stockholders."

1. Re Lockheed, as a matter of fact it *did* hesitate: the vote in the Senate was only 49 to 48. The vote in the House was 192 to 189. Now hear this. The Democrats in the House who voted to "bail out" Lockheed exceeded the Republicans (102 Dems, 90 Reps).

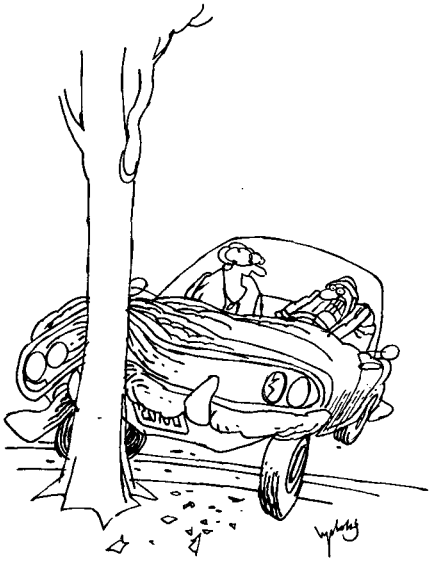
What the government did—under pressure of labor unions, which feared unemployment; the Pentagon, which feared the dismantling of a vital defense facility; and Lockheed's management, which feared losing its jobs—was to guarantee a $250-million loan. Almost the entire sum was subsequently borrowed; $50 million has already been repaid. The government, so far, has lost not a penny; indeed, it has made $15 million in administrative costs.

In 1967, Lockheed was selling for $74 per share. In July 1971, before the loan guarantee, the stock was selling for $10. After the vote to guarantee the loan, the stock went down a point. Now it sells at about $7.50. Economic analysts will explain all of this: the liquidation value of Lockheed would have meant more to the stockholders than shoring up the company by a federally guaranteed loan. Needless to say, no dividends have been paid. In other words, the Federal Government did nothing for the stockholders of Lockheed.

2. Penn Central. It filed for bankruptcy on June 21, 1970. Since then, it has lost $1.5 billion on operations for the most part required by government. Penn Central has not paid one penny of interest to the more than 100,000 holders of its bonded indebtedness. In other words, using the New York City analogy, Penn Central was *not* "bailed out"—it was permitted to default on its bonds. The government has since given the railroad money and guaranteed the principal and interest on a $100-million loan. This datum is meaningless in the current discussion because the principal operations of Penn Central are dictated by the government. The value of the stock was $85 shortly after the merger of February 1968. Just before it went into receivership, the stock was trading at $13. After it went into receivership, the stock sank to $3. Now it is selling at below two dollars.

The fact of the matter is that the only reason there is any trading at all in the stock is that there is always the hypothetical possibility of liquidation, in which case the shareholders would own a treasure-land of assets. The notion that Congress stepped in for the purpose of helping stockholders is the kind of economic ignorance on which Democratic oratory thrives.

Let us, however—just for the sake of it—suppose that we were living back in the days of the Great Barbecue, when big businesses ran the legislature by giving congressmen simple cash bribes, or perks of various kinds. Would this be a reason for federal redemption of New York bonds? In respect of New York City, nobody, really, is interested in the fate of the bondholders who put out money for New York's securities. What they want is for other Americans to subsidize New York City's way of life: and in order to make the case for it, they are willing to talk tantalizingly about Penn Central and Lockheed as if they were examples of commercial favoritism by the Federal Government for the benefit of the rich. Bah, humbug. □



". . . C'mon, . . . where's that old sense of humor? . . ."

DILEMMA IN WASHINGTON

Washington, Oct. 16—In Washington much of the talk is about an entirely local crisis. Namely, the definition of the responsibilities of Newspaper A to Newspaper B when Newspaper B has been the object of foul play. We are talking about the *Washington Post*. Its pressmen struck, and left the plant looking as if John Wayne and the Green Berets had had a go at it. What the pressmen did was sabotage, pure and simple, and it is a disturbing sense of the immunity of labor union extremists that prompts one to guess that when the grand settlement is made, these felons will not go to jail, where they belong.

There is of course the temptation to comment on the *Post*'s running affair with the trade unions. The *Post* is a reformist paper which every day draws for its readers the Hieronymus Bosch world of big business and corrupt Republicans. It has never shown a Woodward-and-Bernstein appetite for reform in the world of labor relations. Indeed, it is heavily linked to the Democratic Party, which when last heard from on the general subject was trying to repeal the right of individual states to outlaw the closed shop; providentially, one of President Johnson's failures.

Then, too, there is the schizophrenic emotional problem of the *Washington Post* when it is denouncing monopolies. Like so many businessmen who ar-

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dently want competition for other businessmen, the *Post* desires competition for other businesses, having bought up the competition in the morning newspaper field in Washington twenty years ago.

Enter, now, the question of the *Washington Star*. That is the surviving afternoon paper in Washington. And it has been losing money faster even than its spunky publisher, Joe Allbritton, can make it in Texas banking and real estate. The *Post* comes along and asks Allbritton would he please permit his own plant to be used, during the idle hours of the day, for the purpose of publishing the *Washington Post*.

THE FOLLOWING are the considerations that, one assumes, weighed on Allbritton.

1. If I print the *Post*, surely the pressmen in my own plant, showing that same dumb sense of solidarity that causes even the Walter Cronkites of this world to refuse to cross a picket line, will close down the *Washington Star*. If this were to happen, not only would Washington be left without a newspaper, the *Star* would almost certainly contract a terminal illness. If you are losing a million dollars a month while publishing, you don't cease automatically to lose a million dollars a month by not publishing. There are too many running financial commitments which are not so neatly severed. What happens is that you lose more; and the cost of cranking up again to resume publishing is the kind of thing that kills newspapers as permanently as New York's *Herald Tribune* was killed.

2. If I fail to print the *Post*, I will get an economic transfusion of sorts for a little while. But only for a little while, because the *Post* is an ingenious and resourceful enterprise, and it will not be long before an edition of some sort is out on the streets, provided the Newspaper Guild doesn't close the entire operation down. It cannot fail to look as if we'll be profiteering from the distress of the *Post*, but that profit is exiguous, and in any event entirely coincidental to the principal reason for continuing to publish.

So Allbritton declined the *Post*'s request, and it is said in Washington that the *Post*'s owner, Mrs. Graham, waxes very wroth on this account. Indeed, a broadcaster on her television station told a visitor that she was "determined" to "run" Allbritton out of Washington. James Reston, in his column on the subject, says about as much, in lawn-tennis language.

It is a depressing dilemma. If our brief experiment with orderly self-government ends in my lifetime, I know that my final question will be: Why, why, didn't the newspapers of the country unite to fight excessive power in the hands of the few, whose immunity rests solely on the superstition that they are the representatives of the working man? □

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES

New York, Oct. 22—They have made a pretty good effort in recent months to adjust to the problem of the anti-smoker, so that now when we board an airplane we are politely asked, "Smoking or non-smoking, sir?" I have been giving routinely the answer, "I don't smoke, but I don't mind it if others do" —the only answer I could plausibly give, unless my wife and I occupied separate dining rooms.

Of course such an answer is the horrible equivalent of saying at a cocktail party, when asked, "What can I bring you from the bar?"—"Anything. Anything at all." People who say that mean to be accommodating. Actually, they merely confuse and exasperate. I'd rather a guest asked me for a Brandy Alexander than for "anything at all." To be sure, I would have to learn to make a Brandy Alexander.

But there remain uncrystallized civil accommodations, notably the typewriter. Now I am, for reasons unknown and irrelevant, the most instinctively undisruptive of men. I even hesitate to hang on the doorknob outside my hotel room the sign that says DO NOT DISTURB without first attempting to write in, "Please." It horrifies me as much as the English that we decorate our national parks with such barbed-wire phrases as "KEEP OFF THE GRASS." I'd have made a very good Jap. All the above on the understanding, of course, that when the bugles sound, I am ready and dressed to defend Pearl Harbor.

Like other journalists, I am saddled with the problem of The Typewriter. Wherever I go, I must use it. No, I don't mean at restaurants, or at public receptions at the White House, or at funeral processions. But other times: notably, on planes and trains.

The other day, traveling New York to Washington, I elected to go by Amtrak, thinking to have my dinner and begin typing my notes for a television program that would begin at 9:00 in the morning, followed by a second program beginning at 10:15. I chatted with a friend during the brief dinner hour, then went to work. I had no sooner begun to type than I was accosted by a tall middle-aged man, with the bearing of an ex-colonel, who approached me and said in tones loud enough to sound over the hundred MPH noise of a train whistling through the night on tracks laid down during the Grant Administration: "I want you to know," he said without any introductory civility, "that I think you are the rudest man I have ever seen. My wife and I paid over $60 to travel on this train and to have a little peace and quiet, and all we get is the sound of your typewriter." He marched away, and all eyes were on me. Did I want to move? the porter asked me. Move where? I replied—the car was full.

I resumed typing but, actually, I found that I was not concentrating on my work. Suddenly every stroke of a key sounded like an acetylene torch triggered under a honeymooner's bed. It is a psychological cliché: the ticking of a clock that is entirely unnoticed can be made—in a movie, say—to sound like the rumbling of a juggernaut merely by having somebody say casually, "When that clock reaches midnight, London will be destroyed."

EVERY NOTE I tapped sounded louder than the others. Every pause between strokes sounded like a provocative attempt at cacophony. People around me who had been dozing or reading, utterly unaware of the sound of the typewriter, were suddenly looking at me malevolently. This I'd have understood easily enough if they knew what I was writing. But for all they knew, I was copying out "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" . . .

I don't like rules, but they *can* be liberating. If the sign says, "Smoking Permitted Aft of These Seats," then it is only a matter of ascertaining which way is aft before lighting up; and nobody has a legitimate case against you. You guessed it. I think they should get around to signs that say "Typing Permitted Aft of These Seats." Aft of *those* seats could put you with one foot in the baggage compartment, but at least you would have your own turf.

Some will say that, really, we are asked to make too many concessions: that people should try to curb their sensibilities. There is a case for this too. I don't like magenta. Should I have said to the gentleman on the train: "I'll make a deal, pal. I'll stop typing if you will tell your wife to go to the ladies' room and come back dressed in another color —any other color." "Magenta Permitted Aft of These Seats." To be sure, we are left without a solution for the man aboard an airplane who can't stand wings. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What preschoolers don't get — 56 113 12 139 152 125 8 102

B. A society of learned men united to advance art or science — 71 146 89 104 1 198 42

C. Surname of three novelists, brothers and wife of younger — 81 26 51 66 199 106

D. What the swimming poet did — 83 7 131 135 182 194 206 27 50 148 161

E. The politician's course — 121 40 14 107 134 67 212 150

F. What a drunken hound is guilty of — 124 109 98 181 203 143 82

G. His fellow-employees work twice as long — 184 10 145 78 114 172 68 25 52

H. A Great Dane — 201 151 2 53 126 45 29 190

I. Wearers of the old school tie — 23 21 31 38 49 77

J. The smoothing of statistical data — 103 13 57 62 137 154 169 185 123 224

K. If rural schools use a threshing machine for punishment, why can't city school use this? — 128 11 16 65 79 147 115 138 47 157 170 188 195 96

L. Characteristic of a devil — 136 69 91 186 95 54 80 87

M. The sprout growth in a cutover forest which is reproducing itself — 159 70 15 55 127 92 116 183 192

N. Odd bits of cloth left over after making up suits and other garments — 227 213 35 118 175 191 33

O. A play in baseball, usually by an infielder — 48 64 76 86 22 59

P. This Roman emperor ruled over more territory than any other — 18 207 177 166 226 205

Q. To set on foot — 105 58 165 140 73 202 3 215 43

R. A source of fuel used for energy — 223 97 60 180 84 129 155

S. A point in time — 30 204 158 74 34 20 61

T. The elucidation, clarification, and explication of expressions and statements through a determination of their meaning or logical use — 46 117 132 216 36 156 141 120

U. A secondary school in continental Europe — 90 217 4 37 167 110

V. A cricket term — 153 133 200 111 17 75

W. To make petty criticisms — 214 187 98 218 160 173

X. Where we met Ned and Spot (but not Lady Macbeth and Spot!) — 171 19 24 32 72 108 130 144 149 163 196

Y. Andrew Carnegie gave up 3,000 of them — 178 197 162 208 5 94 189 88 220

Z. VAPID TOE — 219 122 142 39 6 193 85 209

a. Protected from intrusion — 28 99 210 221 174

b. Angry — 63 225 164 100 211

c. A city in the Soviet Union — 41 222 228 168 176 179

d. A county in Scotland — 9 119 101 44 112

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1254 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram

		1 B	2 H	3 Q	4 U	5 Y	6 Z	7 D	8 A	9 d	10 G	11 K		12 A	13 J	14 E	15 M	16 K
17 V	18 P	19 X	20 S	21 I	22 O		23 I	24 X	25 G		26 C	27 D	28 a	29 H	30 S		31 I	32 X
33 N	34 S		35 N	36 T		37 U	38 I	39 Z	40 E	41 c	42 B	43 Q	44 d	45 H		46 T	47 K	
48 O	49 I		50 D	51 C	52 G	53 H	54 L	55 M	56 A	57 J	58 Q	59 O	60 R	61 S		62 J	63 b	64 O
65 K	66 C	67 E	68 G	69 L	70 M	71 B	72 X	73 Q	74 S	75 V		76 O	77 I	78 G	79 K	80 L	81 C	82 F
	83 D	84 R	85 Z	86 O	87 L	88 Y		89 B		90 U	91 L	92 M		93 F	94 Y	95 L	96 K	97 R
98 W	99 a	100b	101d	102A	103J		104B	105Q	106C	107E	108X	109F	110U	111V	112d	113A	114G	115K
116M	117T		118N	119d	120T	121E	122Z		123J	124F		125A	126H	127M	128K	129R	130X	131D
132T	133V	134E		135D	136L	137J	138K	139A	140Q	141T	142Z	143F	144X	145G		146B	147K	148D
149X	150E	151H	152A	153V	154J	155R	156T		157K	158S	159M	160W	161D		162Y	163X		164b
165Q		166P	167U	168c	169J	170K	171X	172G	173W	174a		175N	176c		177P		178Y	179c
180R		181F	182D	183M	184G	185J	186L	187W	188K	189Y	190H	191N		192M	193Z	194D	195K	196X
197Y	198B	199C	200V	201H	202Q	203F	204S	205P		206D	207P	208Y	209Z	210a	211b	212E	213N	214W
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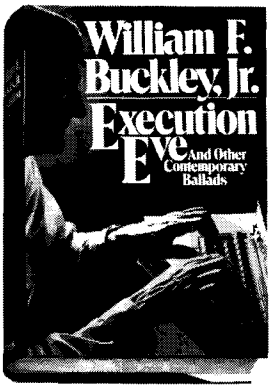

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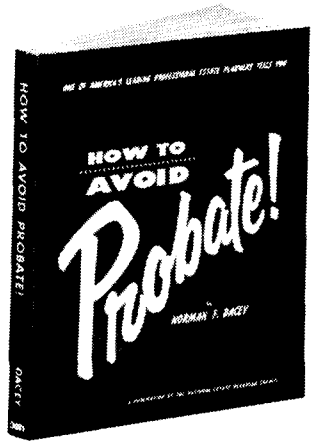

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